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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Sketch

No. 2311—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI.

CROWNED, WITH HIS CONSORT, QUEEN ELIZABETH, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON MAY 12, 1937.

FROM THE CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

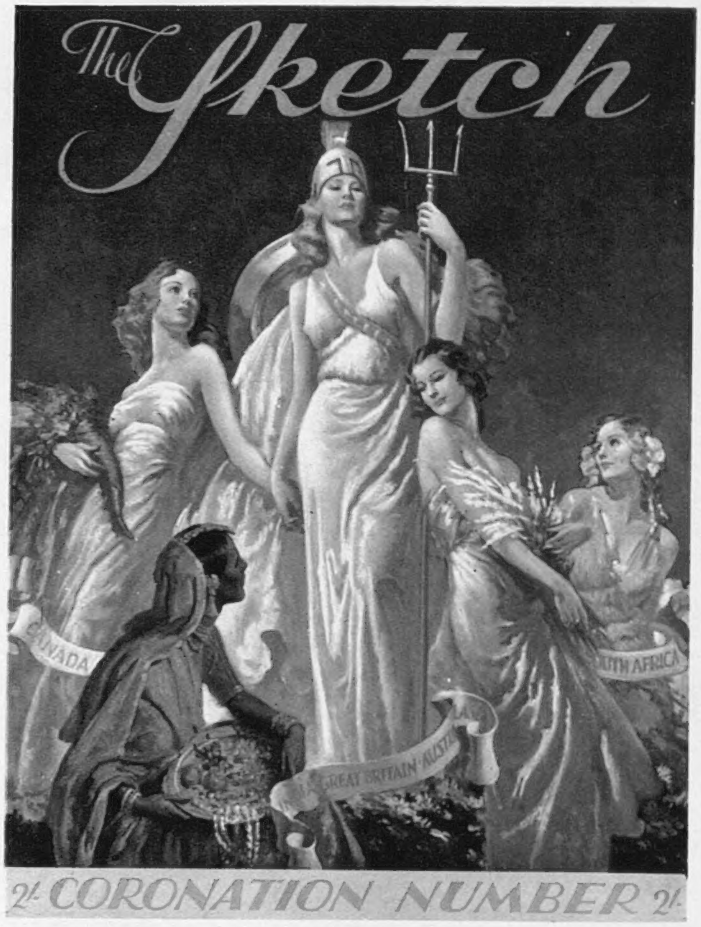
A MODEST, self-effacing people (ask anybody!), we do not greatly like parade and show. To "make oneself conspicuous" is, pre-eminently, the thing which is not done. In such matters as dignities, decorations, and titles we are shy to a degree which seems mere affectation to some of our neighbours, who have weaknesses—quite venial weaknesses—for ribbons and uniforms and rows of medals. We are, in short, a race not greatly given to spectacle—but when we *do* put on a spectacle, we do it with a will! And to-day (May 12) we stage a spectacle which fills the eye of all the world. It is, as we all know, and as the world knows, much more than a show; it is, in its deepest sense, an affirmation and a consecration; it is also a gathering-together, not to be found in any other place or on any other occasion, of the elements of a confederacy unparalleled in human chronicle. But it is the spectacular aspect, the external magnificence, which most immediately engages the attention of millions of beholders and listeners—none of whom, however, amid all the dazzle and splendour, can be wholly unconscious of the inner solemnity.

There are those who are, or profess to be, loftily indifferent to pomp and ceremonial. For myself, I cannot either understand or attain—and I do not in the least wish to—such a degree of philosophic detachment from mass-sentiment. I know of nothing which has so powerful an emotional influence as dignified ceremonial solemnly performed. Anybody who has taken part, even in the humblest capacity, in a parade of rhythmically moving masses of men knows the extraordinary intoxication of that strange sense of losing oneself in a great unison. Shall I confess to an unmanly weakness? I can never hear the applause of a multitude for something which has captured their enthusiasm, and I can never look on the pageantry of a great and significant ceremonial, without curious things happening to my Adam's Apple and without a most embarrassing feeling that at any moment I may have to remove a fly from my eye! Even the sight of a marching regiment and the sound of a brass band are apt to catch me in the midriff—I have even known the Salvation Army and the Boy Scouts to cause certain stirrings. Dreadfully crude and sentimental, isn't it?—nay, worse, positively militaristic, the sort of thing that causes my good friends of the League of Nations Union the deepest concern! But I can't help it; pomp and circumstance always get me in the solar plexus like that! And therefore I am not ashamed to say that all this kingly splendour is to me not only a marvellous show, but a profoundly moving thing; and although I won't go so far as to say that I want to have a good cry over the Coronation, I shall not regard the day as a success unless I have to contend, from time to time, with those troublesome flies, not to say motes and beams, in the eye! It may be very weak of me, but in such matters I prefer to preserve the heart of a child.

And I shall not be alone in my sensations, for the multitudes who have flocked to London from every quarter of the globe have come to see something very much more than a State pageant on the supreme scale. We shall all be looking at a panorama of history which it is impossible to regard without a powerful consciousness of the solidity and the continuity of our institutions. Not a component part of all this processional, not a word or gesture of the whole rubric of regality, but is the product of centuries of precedent and tradition. Nothing, not even the smallest detail, in all this celebration is without its significance; here, in a mosaic of symbols, is a whole epitome of nationhood. There is no part of the Coronation ceremony which might not be taken as the text of a volume—many volumes—of close-packed history. Many countries to-day abound in highly organised spectacles and in feverish demonstrations of mass-emotion; but where else is there to be found a display so elaborate, so brilliant, and so well ordered, yet so significant not of the passion of a moment but of the faith and the experience of ages?

I like to see, also, in this great national occasion one of those paradoxes in which we seem to excel, and which make us so puzzling to our neighbours. A coronation is a cabinet of historical curiosities. We are all taking immense pains to maintain and perpetuate a collection of quaint antiquities which, to a certain type of impatient "realist" mind, may have been all very well in the Middle Ages—but really, you know, in the twentieth century—! A young friend of mine, of "advanced" views—but not unkindly towards his elders and worsers—expressed to me the other day his astonishment that men could solemnly sue before a Court of Claims for the privilege of discharging, at the Coronation, some ancient, minor office with a queer name, which had long since lost all meaning. What did it matter, anyhow, whether one was Petty Serjeant to the Standard Bearer, and why should anybody bother about it? I hope this young man will some day realise—though I did not attempt to convince him—that it is one of our little contradictions that though we sometimes seem to be rather punctilious about our antiquities, we are really surprisingly "advanced" for such incorrigibly conservative persons! At all events, as one looks round the world, one seems to see in England, side by side with all the ancient ritual and observance and formality which solemnize kingship, one of the few real and true democracies existing on earth to-day.

There is, as many phrases of common speech show, a peculiar finality about the act of crowning. The crowns which to-day are set on the heads of the King and Queen of England are not only a consummation, but a gift in a double sense; they are bestowed by the people of the realm, whose they are by immemorial title, on their accepted rulers, and with them goes also the gift of service and fealty. And to Sovereign and consort, when they step from their thrones of State and become an English man and wife bearing a tremendous responsibility, go also the profound and affectionate wishes of all their countrymen for happiness and success and peace to shine upon their way.



This fine symbolic drawing will be reproduced in full colour as the cover of "THE SKETCH" SPECIAL CORONATION NUMBER, *dated May 19. This number will contain ten pages in full colour, consisting of splendid studio portraits of their Majesties the King and Queen, showing the Queen in full evening dress and the King in naval uniform; portraits of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, the Heir Presumptive, and her sister, H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose; an informal and poetic portrait of the Queen; glowing colour reproductions of romantic Jewels in the Regalia; a page of "Mystery" pictures which millions have seen; portraits of H.M. the Queen's Canopy-bearers at the Coronation and of her Train-bearers; a magnificent double-page picture of their Majesties in their State Coach; and the earliest and most royal of all jig-saw puzzles. The number will contain all our usual features, but presented with a special Coronation flavour; and the soul-stirring and historic pageantry of the Coronation itself will be recorded in a series of photographs reproduced by our well-known method of photogravure. Do not miss our Coronation Number. Order it now, so that you may be sure of getting it. Its price is 2s.*

AT HOME WITH THE BRISTLEWOODS.

MR. BRISTLEWOOD'S CORONATION EFFORT.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

R.A. SUBJECTS AND ARTISTS AT THE R.A.

Many of the subjects of pictures in this year's Royal Academy attended the Private View. This is MISS CURIGWEN LEWIS, *who created the part of Jane Eyre in the stage play. Her portrait by Harold Knight, R.A., shows her dressed for the rôle. She is shown with* MR. CYRIL PHILLIPS.

SIR VICTOR WARRENDER, BT., *and* LADY WARRENDER *came to the Private View to see her portrait by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.*

MR. GERALD BROCKHURST, A.R.A., *with* MISS MERLE OBERON, *the screen actress, who is the subject of one of his striking portraits in this year's Exhibition.*

MISS DORETTE WOODWARD *is the beautiful young girl who has so frequently been painted by Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A.*

The HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID *came to see her portrait by Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A.*

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A. *(left) and* MRS. DOD PROCTER, A.R.A., *two of our most distinguished women artists, are seen together. They are both well represented in this year's show.*

CORONATION WALTZ DE MARCOS.

The DE MARCOS, *most highly paid ballroom dancers in the world, are making a big hit at Grosvenor House in their new Coronation Waltz. She has forty pairs of shoes, at six guineas a pair, per annum, but oddly enough, can make do with a mere dozen pairs of silk stockings for dancing! She reckons that her dress bill is £4000 a year.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

DEMURE FOLDED HANDS: READY FOR THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL.

MISS ROSEMARY MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON *will wear this charming eighteenth-century costume at the great Coronation Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall to-morrow night, Thursday, May 13. In our portrait study she is posed with her graceful hands demurely folded.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

CHALLENGING ARMS AKIMBO: READY FOR THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL.

MRS. JOHN FISON, *of Stoke House, Ipswich, will wear this picturesque period costume at the great Coronation Costume Ball which will draw all London to the Royal Albert Hall on May 13, the day after Coronation Day. In this camera study, she is posed with her arms akimbo in a gay, challenging attitude.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A - FISHING."

SOME time ago I said that the floating plug baits would be well tried out this season, and we should find out whether they are a good lure for salmon or not. Large numbers of plugs have been sold, and reports are coming in from all parts of the British Isles recording successes with them. Up to the present, Dr. W. G. Thompson's magnificent salmon of 41 lb., shown in the photograph on this page, is the heaviest salmon to be taken on a plug. Dr. E. Gordon Reeve, who experimented successfully with these baits last season and is largely responsible for their present popularity, writes to me from Bridge of Marnoch, Banffshire, that his party has killed twenty salmon, and though the plug has not been fished as much as fly, minnow, sprat, etc., it has accounted for fourteen fish. On her first day Lady Davidson killed a 19-lb. salmon on the golden shiner on the Glennie water, and on the following day had a 14-pounder on the same plug on the Huntly Lodge water. Captain Hoggan had one of 14 lb. on the Runt on Rothiemay water, and next day one of 10 lb. on Huntly Lodge water—after two gillies had fished all day and caught nothing. Mr. Mackenzie, owner of Avochie beat, who had landed sixty kelts since Jan. 14, obtained a plug. His gillie rose a fish which would not come again to change of fly. Mr. Mackenzie tried the plug, and at the first cast with the large, jointed Runt he hooked and killed a 14½-lb. fish. Mr. E. R. Rowat caught his only fish, 17 lb., on a medium Runt on April 22; and on the following day Mrs. E. G. Reeve landed her first salmon, 15 lb., on a similar bait. Mr. W. J. M. Menzies, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland, while trying Dr. Reeve's rod and reel for a quarter of an hour, hooked a fish, which he lost. A lady staying at Banff Hotel killed a 25-lb. fish on a jointed Pal o' Mine, and Dr. Reeve himself has killed eight fish, from 9 lb. to 17 lb., seven of which were taken on small or medium Runts and the other on fly. This despite the fact that he fished fly nearly all day, and only went over the water quickly with the Runt to finish. It is fairly evident that the floating plug bait has come to stay.

DR. W. G. THOMPSON *and* MRS. THOMPSON *are posed with the* 41-LB. SALMON *that Dr. Thompson caught in the Lion Hotel Waters at Llanfaredd, Builth Wells. It is the largest fish caught in the upper reaches of the Wye this season. Dr. Thompson was 1¼ hours playing the fish and travelled over a quarter of a mile from where it was hooked to where it was gaffed. It was caught with a plug bait.*

Told in the Newcastle Arms.

One evening, when I was at Coldstream recently with Mr. L. R. Hardy, we had settled down comfortably in front of the fire, glad to relax after a fairly arduous day's fishing on Tweed, when two anglers, Mr. Adam and Mr. Hamilton, called in with their boatman, Easton, to see Mr. Hardy. Serious matters such as fixed spool, greased line, and plug fishing were discussed from all angles, and then, as usual, there was a good crop of angling yarns. Most of them I have forgotten, but I remember that Mr. Adam told a good one about Loch Leven. He was playing a trout from the stern of the boat when it jumped right into the boat and into a half-open bass basket leaning against the side. What is more, the hook fell out before the trout landed in the basket. To cap this story, Easton told how a lady angler was bringing a salmon to the net on one of the Tweed beats, when suddenly she cried out, "Ah, hell, the hook 's awa' !" Easton was waiting with his net ready, and to his astonishment the fish came straight on from fully three yards away, and he scooped it up, crying, "Och-aye, but the fish has come to the net, ma'am."

An Angling Queen.

While having lunch recently with Mr. Harold J. Hardy, he told me about his recent visit to Italy, when he had the honour of showing the Queen of Italy how to cast with a trout-rod. On March 24 Mr. Hardy arrived at Turin. On the first day of his visit he was taken some thirty kilometres out to a small club, where he gave a demonstration of tournament casting to a number of Italian notables, including the Marchese de Gromise and the Comte de Devecchi, nephew of Signor Mussolini's right-hand man. On the following day, by command of the King and Queen, he was taken in the royal car to Pisa, and felt very bucked when soldiers lining part of the route gave him the royal salute. After being presented to the King and Queen and chatting with them for some time, they all went by car to the King's villa at San Rossore. Here they fished for bass at the mouth of the river, but conditions were bad owing to snow water and no fish were caught. The bass run to about 1½ lb. in weight, and the Queen told Mr. Hardy that the Crown Prince had taken, on one occasion, about twenty fish in an hour or so. During their stay here, which lasted for several hours, Mr. Hardy showed the Queen how to use a fly-rod, and she insisted on buying his rod.

Piedmontese Fishing-Tackle.

As the fishing was so uninteresting the Queen took Mr. Hardy up the river in a speed-boat, which she herself drove very fast. Mr. Hardy found himself ducking his head and holding his breath each time they went under one of the low bridges which span the river at frequent intervals. Several times the Queen lamented the fact that she could no longer wade as she used to while fishing for trout in the mountain torrents. Mr. Hardy was greatly interested in the Piedmontese style of fishing. For a rod, a Spanish reed is used in one piece, with a single ring at the end. The line is made of horsehair, and also the cast. Six or seven flies are used on the cast and they are roughly made, with bodies formed out of wild silkworm cocoons. The hooks are curiously shaped, and actually made from needles, a rather ineffectual attempt being made to produce a barb. In this part of the country most of the waters are badly poached, but there are a few reserves which provide good fishing. Near Modane there is a lake where trout up to 4 lb. and 5 lb. are caught on dry fly and spinner, but conditions are rarely favourable.

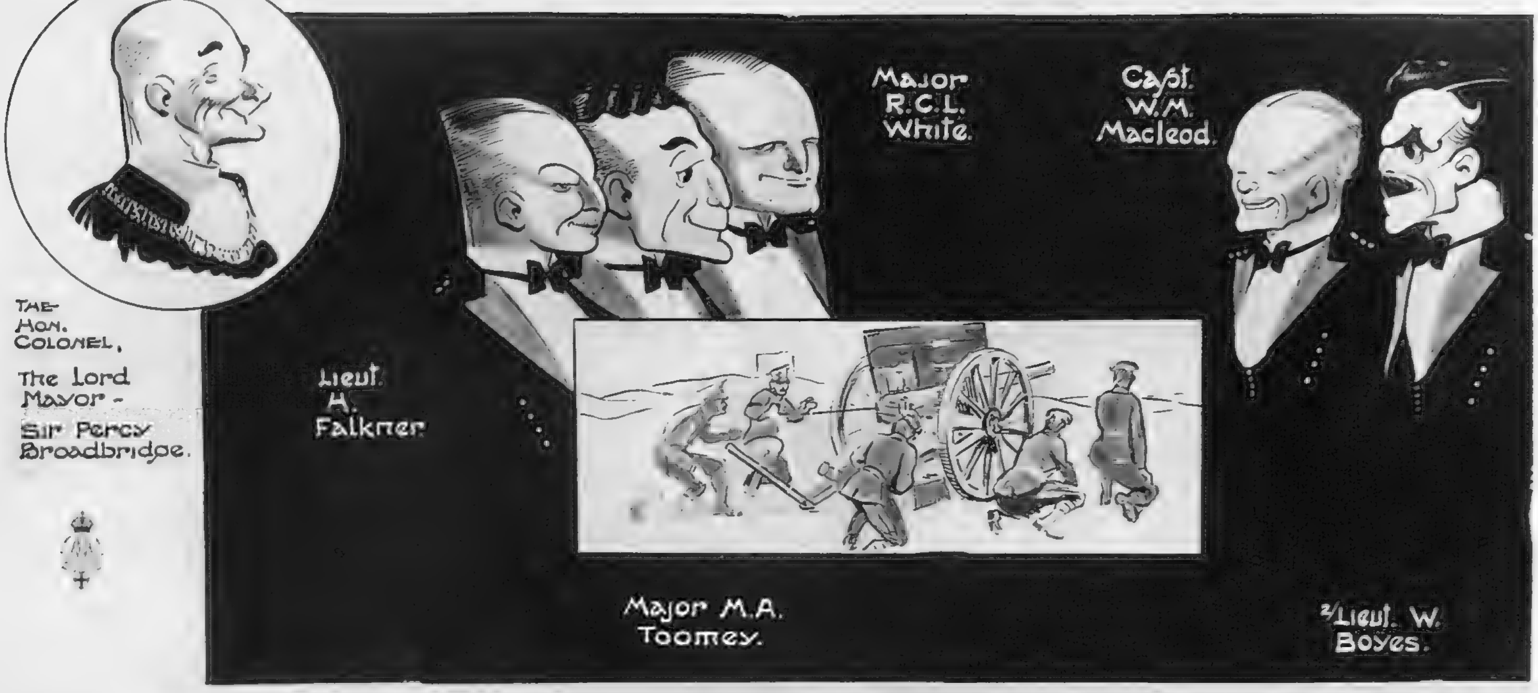
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

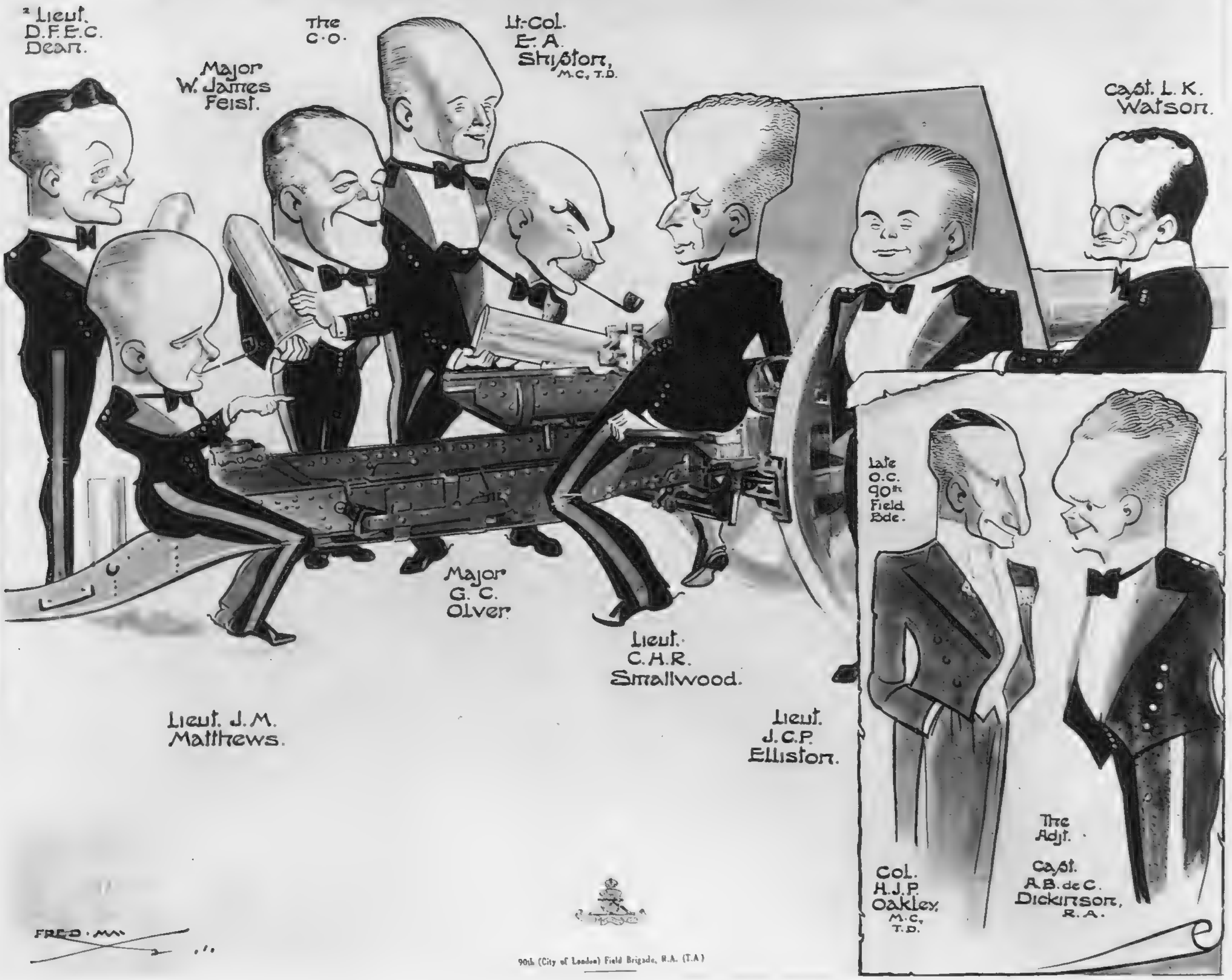
Mr. F. P. Beynon had a salmon of 47 lb. from the Wye at Glasbury.

Viscount Coke, Sir John Arnott, and Mr. Arnott are having good sport on the Beauly. They had twenty salmon, aggregating 191½ lb., in a week.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.





CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

LONDON GUNNERS.

The 90TH (CITY OF LONDON) FIELD BRIGADE, R.A., T.A., *boasts as Hon. Colonel the "reigning" Lord Mayor of London. Starting life in 1883 as the 1st City of London Artillery, this brigade passed through a variety of transformations before it reached its present title. It supplied contingents to the C.I.V. during the South African War; and in the Great War fought with valour at Loos, 1915, the Somme, 1916, Cambrai and Ypres, 1917, and Arras, 1918. The top sketch shows the models used at H.Q. in training and lectures.*

A "GOWFFING" OCCASION IN PERTHSHIRE.

Left: MRS. VIVIAN EMANUEL *was one of the decorative young wives who went to Gleneagles Hotel for the Wagg brothers' annual golfing week-end.*

Right: *The* HON. MRS. DROGO MONTAGU, *only daughter of Lord Beaverbrook,* MISS GINETTE HEWITT, *and* MR. "BOBBY" SWEENY *(l. to r.) are enjoying Scottish sunshine.*

The DONALD CAMERONS *were there. She is the former Miss Enid Levita and is a niece of Captain Alfred Duff Cooper, the Secretary of State for War.*

MR. *and* MRS. PETER CLIVE *are here posed outside the hotel. He is the eldest son of Sir Robert Clive and the Hon. Lady Clive, and she was Miss Elizabeth Darell.*

MRS. KENNETH WAGG, *whose husband is the prime mover in this annual tourney, was Miss Katherine Horlick.*

MRS. JOHN CRAIGIE *and* LADY PRESCOTT *waving a greeting. Lady Prescott is the wife of Sir George Prescott, Bt.*

There's only one GINGER ROGERS, and she plays Linda Keene, the heroine of "SHALL WE DANCE?", the new Radio dance romance due at the Regal to-morrow, May 13. Yet here you see FIVE GINGER ROGERS—for the dancing star is posed among THE "CHORINES" WEARING CONVINCING MASKS REPRESENTING HER FACE. She herself is in the centre of the group.

Right: In this group GINGER ROGERS is still in the centre. She is wearing her own fascinating face, and her replicas are holding their Ginger Rogers masks in their hands.

GINGER ROGERS AND HER "CHORINE" REPLICAS.

A golfing snapshot of H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR *on the golf-course of Haus Appesbach, near St. Wolfgang, to which he went on March 29. Last week he left for Tours. Accompanied by Major Greenacre, he travelled by car to Salzburg, and there took the Arlberg express for France.*

On leaving the Arlberg express at Verneuil, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR *entered Mrs. Simpson's car, as here seen, and drove off to the Château de Candé, where it was expected that he would stay some days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bedaux. Mrs. Simpson's decree nisi was made absolute last week. It is believed that the Duke of Windsor will return to Austria in June.*

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR IN AUSTRIA AND ON THE ROAD TO TOURS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARLIP.

CORONATION SEASON CONDUCTOR OF "THE RING."

DR. WILHELM FURTWAENGLER, *the famous conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which has been filling the Queen's Hall for its splendid concerts, is the conductor for "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Covent Garden this Coronation season. The first cycle opens to-morrow, May 13, with "Das Rheingold." "Die Walküre" will be given on May 17, "Siegfried" on May 19, and "Götterdämmerung" on May 21.*

"NATURE MORTE À LA GUITARE" *is woven in Point de Beauvais from a typical* GEORGES BRAQUE *design.*

"PAPEETE" *is from a cartoon by* HENRI-MATISSE.

MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES.

THE notion that tapestries must be old-world will be shaken out of all visitors to the EXHIBITION OF MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES organised at the Reid and Lefèvre Galleries under the patronage of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs and the General Director of Fine Arts for France. These tapestries are woven in the classic stitches, Point de Beauvais and Point d'Aubusson, but from cartoons specially made by modern artists of distinction.

"LA JEUNE FILLE À LA ROSE" *is another example of a tapestry from a* GEORGES ROUAULT *design.*

"PANORAMA DE PARIS," *in silk and wool, from a* RAOUL DUFY *design.*

"SORROW," *from a cartoon by* GEORGES ROUAULT, *has a suggestion of mediæval inspiration.*

LADY GRENFELL IN HER ROBES FOR THE ABBEY.

LADY GRENFELL *is here posed wearing her Peeress's robes and her tiara ready to start for Westminster Abbey, where she will attend the solemn Crowning and Consecration of King George VI. and his consort, Queen Elizabeth, to-day, May 12. Lady Grenfell is the wife of the second Baron, who is the elder son of the late Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell and of the late Lady Grenfell (formerly a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria). Lady Grenfell was Miss Elizabeth ("Betty") Shaughnessy and is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy and of the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh.*

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

TALES WITH A STING.

THE HOROSCOPE.

By OLGA A. ROSMANITH.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

VIRGINIA was debating whether to give in at last and write and tell Tommy of her troubles, when his letter came. Seeing his handwriting, her fears dissolved. He loved her after all. It would not be so terrible to admit defeat and ask for his help—at any rate for a little while, to tide her over. She opened the letter, and read it with dilated, unbelieving eyes—

"DEAR GINNY,—You must have felt for a long time there was something wrong . . ."

She had. Tommy was a travelling salesman, but his absences had grown longer and more mysterious, and his once daily letters few and far between.

". . . but don't think I don't love you. Anyone would. But I 'm not that way about you any more. Sorry, Virginia, I 've met a girl here—the right girl. It takes a lot of nerve to tell you this, but it is better for all of us. I know you 'll understand . . ."

It was not necessary to read any more. Virginia sat down on her bed and surveyed the ruins. Fate had come like a tidal wave and swept everything precious away. First her father. Then her job. Nothing against her, of course, but they had to reduce the staff, and the newest recruits were the first to go. Then her savings. Now her sweetheart. There seemed no object in leaving her life, unless for the purpose of allowing her to savour the full measure of her desolation.

She had searched for a new job with stony courage, but without avail. Now she had seven dollars left, and the black emptiness of a world that didn't seem to want her staring her rudely in the face. If Tommy hadn't been so strangely distant all of a sudden, so uninterested in her difficulties, she would have asked him to help her long ago. Now it was too late.

By some queer alchemy his letter intensified the squalor of her one-room apartment. The walls looked dirtier, the curtains older, the furniture even more horrible. Yet it was sanctuary—it was home. But the rent was owing for six weeks, and so its shelter would soon be gone. Well, what could it matter that there was nothing left to live with, now that there was nothing left to live for?

Virginia went into the kitchenette and looked at the gas-cooker long and earnestly. She turned away with a shudder. If only one could know how long one had to stay in hell, and whether a life that looked so black held any light coming at all. She looked at the newspaper spread on the table, marked all over the "Help Wanted" columns, and there was the advertisement staring up at her. "Know your fate. It is written in the stars. Advice and life readings. Professor Endicot, 199, Waterside Street."

Virginia considered this solemnly. Then she laughed aloud. What was the use? Just a lot of boloney. Far better get on with what she had decided to do and end her sufferings for ever. She went and got a pillow and the sad green cover from her bed, and laid them on the floor. Then she went back and looked in the glass. Might as well look as pretty as possible when they found her. She made herself up with extreme care and vigorously brushed the shine back into her neglected curly hair.

She stood still, looking at her brightened reflection in the glass. The thought struck her that gas might make you look hideous—blue or something—and all her trouble would be wasted. Should she wait a bit longer? Could she endure another week-end of abysmal loneliness, sick hunger, and slow-moving silence now that even hope was no longer left?

Suddenly she grabbed her hat from the cupboard, jammed it on her head fiercely, and rushed down the stairs into the street. Waterside Street was only six blocks away. She turned towards it mechanically and sought for 199. The shabby office was in a dilapidated building up three flights of dirty stairs. A girl answered the door to her ring, a girl looking very white and holding her hand to her head. Professor Endicot was not in. "I attend to everything," said the girl, without interest.

"What is the charge for a life reading?" enquired Virginia.

"Five dollars."

"Oh, dear, that 's too much. Oh, well, I 'm sorry——"

The girl looked at her with awakened sympathy. "We do a survey of the coming year for a dollar. It is very good."

Virginia sat down in the proffered seat and gave the necessary information. Her heart was beating very hard. There was an atmosphere of impending doom in the shabby office. Zodiacal charts and weird symbolic pictures hung round the walls.

"When can I have it?"

"Let me see. To-day 's Friday. This day week."

"I 'll be dead this day week," ran Virginia's thoughts. Aloud she said: "I 'm in desperate trouble. Couldn't you get it done at once? If I paid you *two* dollars?"

Miss Hill had a terrible headache. She was longing to go home to bed. She looked at Virginia's hurt young face. "All right, I 'll try. This time to-morrow. *One* dollar 's the charge."

Virginia stopped at a snack-bar for coffee and a sandwich on the way home. She lingered as long as possible, dreading the atmosphere of her ugly room and feeling too weak to walk the streets any more. But at last she had to go, deferring her return a little longer by shopping for a bottle of milk, some butter and bread. The landlord was in ambush on the stairs. He glared at the parcels and asked for money. Virginia clutched her purse tightly and shook her head. "I 'll have some soon. Please, *please* trust me!"

He went away, muttering "Only for another week." After all, it was better to have a tenant running up a bill which might some time be paid than no tenant at all. Virginia went into her room and collapsed on the bed—weakness flowing like a dark tide of death through her veins.

When she called next day at 199, Waterside Street, the old Professor was there alone. He searched short-sightedly through his secretary's desk, talking to himself. "Miss Hill was sick yesterday," he explained. "Couldn't you come back next week? Nothing seems to be done."

This was Saturday. To-morrow was Sunday. The blackest day in the week for lost, lonely girls. Virginia said desperately: "She promised. I 'm sure it 's there. Oh, please try and find it."

Professor Endicot was sympathetic and obliging. "Your name?" he asked.

"Barker."

"Here it is, then—but not complete——"

"Give me what there is," begged Virginia. "I 'll bring it back to be finished."

The Professor was accustomed to this importunate urgency. People were so foolish. They never bothered to consult the stars to plan their lives. They came rushing in to him when they were in trouble they could easily have avoided. He collected the roughly written sheets and put them in an envelope. "Miss Hill won't be at all pleased," he was able to prophesy without appealing to the stars.

As Virginia sat on her bed and read the pencilled lines her wonder grew. It was all as true as if they 'd known the story of her life. "The subject is now passing through the blackest period for the last ten years, but it is the darkness before the dawn. New influences are forming which will usher in a long period of happiness and success——"

The fortunate period was due to begin on Tuesday the following week. Virginia put the magic script away and went to the cafeteria across the street. She fortified herself with a small lamb chop and baked potato, very slowly and cautiously eaten. She had accumulated all kinds of bitter knowledge. For instance, you can't step from semi-starvation to affluence carelessly without being violently sick. "Everything that 's past is true, so the future must be," she reasoned, reading the inspiring document again before going to bed.

Sunday did not drag as much as she had expected. It was, in a way, a relief to know the worst about Tommy. At least she need not worry about him any more. She had some milk for breakfast and some of the dwindling bread and butter. Four of the heavy hours of the lonely day were painlessly disposed of in sleep.

On Monday the landlord, supported by the landlady, returned to the charge. Virginia gave them four dollars on account. She was on her way out to look for the work she felt sure she would get, her hat jauntily on one side, her eyes bright and her smile confident. "Got a job?" they enquired with one voice.

[Continued on page xii.

** All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT.

JOAN OF ARC FOR THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL.

ANN CASSON, *daughter of Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Mr. Lewis Casson, is to take the part of Joan of Arc at the great Coronation Costume Ball to be held at the Royal Albert Hall to-morrow, Thursday, May 13. Her mother, Dame Sybil Thorndike, created the part of the Maid in George Bernard Shaw's chronicle play, "Saint Joan."*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MISS SUSAN NORTH, *daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, was presented by her mother last week.*

TO-DAY, Wednesday, May 12, we will all arise at strangely early and unaccustomed hours. Yet, as we stretch and yawn and hurry to get to our Coronation positions—whether they be on a stand, in a stately mansion overlooking the route, or in the Abbey precincts themselves — not even the most light-hearted and careless will omit to put up a prayer for their Majesties, who to-day proceed to storied Westminster for their solemn crowning and consecration. May they reign for many years in happiness, peace, and prosperity!

. . . .

The splendour of the Coronation dresses of the royal ladies cannot be exaggerated. Her Majesty's white and gold, worn under the royal robe or train, is so exquisitely embroidered that the shimmer and shine of the winking sequins and diamanté give a magical effect; the young Princesses' white lace frocks under their royal purple are becoming to their childish grace; and the off-white woven with gold, and the gold brocade chosen by the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent respectively for wear under their royal purple robes are suitably magnificent. The Duchess of Kent, by the way, is having sandal shoes with rather low heels for the occasion. Queen Mary's dress is in pale gold lamé with exquisitely supple embroideries of silver and diamanté roses, and fuchsias, and her royal purple robe is lined with ermine.

MLLE. COLBAN, *daughter of the Norwegian Minister, was presented at the first Court. She is posed in front of a tapestry depicting the Beowulf Saga, a Norwegian legend, by the Norwegian designer Olaf, who is also responsible for her pearl-pink satin dress with an overdress of opalescent embroidery.*

MISS FRANCES McCLEAN, *daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames, was presented at the Court on May 6.*

Among the foreign visitors, it is safe to prophesy that one of the most striking figures will be the Princess of Berar, wife of the son and heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad. She is the daughter of the ex-Caliph of Turkey, and looks like an "Arabian Nights" heroine, with her lovely green eyes and beautiful fair skin. She is very modern in her ideas, and when she lived in Nice usually wore European dress; but since her marriage she has always appeared in Indian robes, and possesses a vast wardrobe of superb *saris*, and, of course, a collection of notable jewels.

. . . . . .

Among the Peeresses, Lady Airlie has chosen a particularly lovely silver lamé with a jewelled belt. Lady Milford Haven is to wear gold, embroidered with gold; and Lady Selby's white satin is sewn in gold and silver. The train-bearers to her Majesty, Lady Iris Mountbatten, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Lady Ursula Manners, Lady Diana Legge, Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, and Lady Elizabeth Percy, are likely to look very beautiful in their white satin dresses with tiny sleeves, and an embroidery of wheat-ear design round the neck and in a panel down the front. Their headdresses consist of tiaras of ears of corn made of pearls.

. . . . . .

Coronation season entertaining of the grand and formal kind began with a series of Diplomatic receptions. The party given by the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Yoshida to meet Prince and Princess Chichibu was particularly delightful; and it was quickly followed by a reception at the Norwegian Legation (the new one in Palace Green) to meet the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway, preceded by a big dinner.

To-morrow, Thursday, the 13th, there will be a gathering at the Austrian Legation to meet the Austrian Foreign Secretary and the delegates, at which famous Herr Tauber is to sing, and another at the German Embassy. It is curious that the Austrian Legation and German Embassy parties so often seem to overlap, as not very long ago I also remember "doing Central Europe in London" in turn on one evening, so to speak.

. . . . .

The Londonderry House reception for overseas visitors was one of the very largest ever held in that famous house. Two thousand or more of our overseas guests, and a goodly sprinkling of Cabinet Ministers and political "big-wigs," moved slowly up the celebrated staircase. The colour and the brilliance of the scene can't be exaggerated. Lady Londonderry was blazing with jewels—she wore her big diadem, a diamond necklace, and her famous amethysts with a pinky-beige fluffy tulle dress, an ostrich-feather cape and pink orchids, and looked superb, for there are few women who can carry splendour as she does. Princess Alice and Lord Athlone stood at the end of the picture gallery and talked with animation to many friends. The Duchess of Sutherland was *en grande beauté* with a huge tiara, and Lady Bearsted's emeralds and diamonds were simply dazzling.

MISS IONA McCLEAN, *daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames, was presented at the Court on May 6.*

. . . . .

The younger people have not been left out of the fun, in spite of all this gaiety for the older and more distinguished. The dinner dance which Lady Howard de Walden had for her débutante daughter, Gaenor, and her sister, Priscilla, was excellent. The Duke and Duchess of Kent attended it, but, as they had promised to go to the concert at Londonderry House first, they had to miss the Seaford House dinner. The Duchess looked very well in her brown tulle dress, with the diamond stars in her hair, not at her waist this time. The King of Egypt came, but the Queen is feeling the change of climate here rather, and so was not able to come.

. . . . . .

Lady Smith-Dorrien gave an excellent cocktail-party at the Royal School of Needlework to explain the Coronation Exhibition which will be held there on May 19 and following days. Visitors will be able

closely to examine the exquisite work of their Majesties' Coronation robes, and those of the rest of the Royal Family. The work, I need hardly tell you, is almost fabulous, and has been carried out by expert needlewomen who have been there for years. I had the good fortune to see some of the lovely work on the frames. The canopy, held first over the King and then over the Queen, is of cloth of gold, with beautifully moulded eagles in cloth of silver, sewn with silver thread. It is edged with heavy silver fringe and carried on silver poles. The lining is of white satin damask. Then I saw the purse for the Great Seal of England, carried by the Lord Chancellor. It is of red flag silk, with cherubs' heads in silver and gold bullion, representing an infinity of amazing work. Beside the modern work, which is based on ancient models, as it is heraldic, the Coronation robes of James I., Charles I., and George II. will be on view at this interesting show.

. . . .

Needlework leads me to a different subject. Who would have dreamt of French moderns such as Raoul Dufy, Rouault, Picasso, and Henri-Matisse being translated into terms of Beauvais tapestry? And who would have imagined that the weavers could have reproduced the brush-work of those painters as it has been done in the exhibits at the Lefèvre Galleries? It is fascinating and one of the best art shows now on in London. Even if your tastes lie in the direction of the representationalism of the Royal Academy, you must go. The tapestries in the present show are owned by Mme. Paul Cuttoli, and beside those mentioned there are examples woven from cartoons by Léger and Braque. Actually Lurçat and Dufy translate best into this work. Lurçat's two huge tapestries, "Les Saisons et les Arts," are splendid. Mme. Cuttoli, wife of a French Senator, whose political-artistic salon is famous in Paris, is responsible for the renaissance of this art and for the interest taken in it by these modern painters. She began the work in her husband's constituency in Algiers by getting the Arabs back to their looms, and afterwards got Beauvais to work again. The weavers at first were outraged by the modern designs, but this feeling of shock has not affected their skill!

. . .

May the Fourth was a memorable occasion for the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society, as their Coronation Concert was held at Hertford House, and was the first concert to be given there since this famous mansion was turned into a museum, a fact pointed out by Sir Ronald Storrs in his speech. Moreover, it was attended by Princess Marie Louise, and the soloist was René Le Roy, probably the best flautist in the world.

The long, well-proportioned salon, with its background of masterpieces, some of the choicest pictures of the Wallace Collection, made an admirable concert hall, with the orchestra seated in the middle and the audience on either side. The programme consisted entirely of English and French seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music—yet Grétry's Concerto in C major, for flute and strings, had never been given in England before! It is an exquisite work, and gave full opportunity for René Le Roy to display his art. Lady Patricia Latham looked *très en beauté*, in a pale yellow dress and a silver-fox tie. Mrs. Emile Mond, who, with Miss Olga Lynn, helped over the arrangements of the concert, and Mr. Anthony Asquith were among the well-knowns present.

. . .

By gad! Colonel Blimp is right—these Bolshevik films are most subversive, and "Generation of Conquerors," given at the last Film Society show, was no exception to this rule! It is almost blatant propaganda, but is so well photographed and so admirably acted that, no matter what one's political convictions are, one stayed and watched entranced instead of walking out in a rage. The audience, in spite of the fine weather, was large, and included Paul Robeson, almost unrecognisable in horn-rimmed specs.

. . . .

Private parties include that given by Lady (Francis) Joseph at Claridge's for her débutante daughter, Rosamond. It was great fun. An authentic Hungarian orchestra provided gaiety, and the refreshments were of the very best. Miss Joseph looked pretty in patterned green crêpe-de-Chine and a little green hat, and introduced her sub-deb. sister, who was in pink. Orchids, gardenias, and lilies-of-the-valley were worn by guests, and there were beautiful bowls of brilliant-coloured blossoms on the tables and bars. Sir Francis Joseph is an excellent host, who looked after his guests extremely well. They included Mrs. Copeland, a former M.P. for Stoke, in Cheshire, where the Josephs live, and Princess Ekaterina and Prince Vsevolode of Russia.

MARIEGOLD.

MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS, *daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, and sister of Lady O'Neill and Viscountess Long, is seen fitting her Court dress at Worth (London).*

MLLE. NERMIN OKYAR, *daughter of H.E. the Turkish Ambassador and Mme. Okyar, was presented at the first Court on May 5.*

The MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY *is seen being fitted at Worth (London) for her Coronation dress worn under her Peeress's robes.*

A fine camera study of LORD *and* LADY DOVERDALE, *dressed for the Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey to-day, May 12.*

ROYAL AND HISTORIC PILES IN FLOODLIT BEAUTY.

The grim, mediæval pile of the TOWER OF LONDON *stands out in impressive beauty when floodlit for Coronation time. The Procession from the Tower through the City to Westminster was a feature of Coronations from the time of Richard II. to that of Charles II., whose procession occupied one day, the Coronation taking place on the day following, and with whom ended this part of the ceremonial.*

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *the London residence of the Sovereign, puts on an air of impressive beauty when floodlit and seen from the other side of the lake in St. James's Park.*

WINDSOR CASTLE, *the country residence of the Sovereign, has been closely associated with English Kings throughout many generations. This is the famous Round Tower lit up by floodlight.*

Right: ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, *Windsor, is at all times a beautiful building, but it gains additional grace when floodlit. H.M. the King will hold a Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter there on June 14. There are only two Ladies of the Garter, H.M. the Queen and H.M. Queen Mary.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *where King George VI. and his Consort, Queen Elizabeth, will be crowned to-day, May 12, is one of the most famous buildings in the Empire. Here the floodlighting of the West Front shows the Annexe specially put up for the Coronation. This contains an entrance hall, a royal retiring-room, and a great hall.*

"MORNING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. E. WEBSTER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1936.

"SPRING SALMON."

From the Picture by Arthur W. Burgess, R.I., R.O.I., R.B.C.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS, 1936.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBE OF ROYAL PURPLE VELVET—BEARING EMBLEMS OF THE EMPIRE.

At the Coronation to-day, May 12, her Majesty the Queen will wear over her embroidered satin dress a Robe, as it is officially called (although often known as a train), of royal purple velvet six yards long, lined throughout with ermine and bordered with a five-inch band of the same fur. The velvet is beautifully embroidered in gold thread, with a design by Miss Fuller, of the Royal School of Needlework, carried out under the supervision of Lady Smith-Dorrien, Principal of the School. The design embodies the floral emblems of the Empire, including the Tudor Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock. The Dominion emblems, for which correct sketches were provided by the respective High Commissioners, are also featured.

H.E. COMMANDING-GENERAL SIR KAISER SHUMSHERE JUNG BAHADUR RANA *headed the Special Mission from Nepal. He recently had the honour to be received at Buckingham Palace to present his Letters of Credence as Special Envoy, and to hand to the King the Order of Rajanya. He is the Prime Minister of Nepal; and first came to London in 1934.*

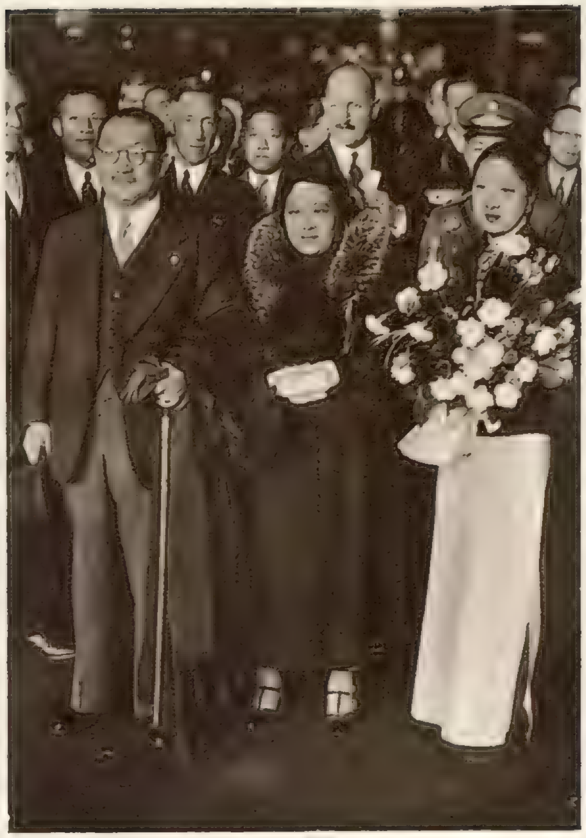
The WEST AFRICAN *party was led by* ADEMOLA II., THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA, *in Southern Nigeria (second from right). He is accompanied by his daughter,* PRINCESS OMOBA ADEREMI ADEMOLA; *the* OTUNBADE OF IGBORE, *and a large retinue, all wearing native costume.*

KING YETA III., *Paramount chief of Barotseland, travelled from west of Livingstone to the Coronation. He did the first part of the journey by royal barge down the Zambesi; then took the train to Cape Town, and embarked on his first sea-voyage. For the Coronation he decided to wear the Vice-Admiral's uniform presented by King Edward VII. to his father for the 1902 Coronation.*

The RAJA OF BHOR *(just distinguishable in the car in the background) is in London, accompanied by his* DAUGHTER *and his* GRANDDAUGHTER, *who are looking as if they were a little bewildered by London.*

FROM ACROSS THE WORLD FOR THE CORONATION:

T.I.H. PRINCE CHICHIBU, *brother of the Emperor of Japan, and* PRINCESS CHICHIBU, *who is a daughter of M. Matsudaira, who was formerly Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, are very important visitors for the Coronation period.*



DR. H. H. KUNG, *Vice-President of the Executive Yuan and Minister of Finance, was appointed by the Chinese Government as special Ambassador and chief delegate to attend the Coronation. He is seen (left) with his daughter,* MISS ROSOMAN KUNG *(carrying bouquet), at Victoria Station.*

The BABALOLA OF ABEOKUTA *(right) came to London as one of the members of the West African delegation, and is seen taking a stroll round London.*

RATU SUKUNA, PRINCE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS *(right), and* LIEUTENANT CAKOBOU *wear the kilt, but not quite in the form of the Scottish or Irish kilt, as Ratu Sukuna's is cut with a vandycked edge.*

The SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR *is one of the important visitors who came to London for the Coronation. He attended the reception at Londonderry House last week.*

PICTURESQUE AND DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO LONDON.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria has been reconstructed with the greatest care for the film "VICTORIA THE GREAT," *in which* ANNA NEAGLE *plays the title-rôle. This shows the solemn moment when the young Queen kneels to take the sacrament, having left the Throne and taken off her crown, after the Homage.*

This is the film reconstruction of the CROWNING OF QUEEN VICTORIA *on June 28, 1838. To quote her late Majesty's own words, referring to the crowning, in her famous Journal: ". . . . I must own, a most beautiful impressive moment; all the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets at the same instant."*

THE CROWNING OF KING GEORGE VI.'s GREAT-GRANDMOTHER: THE FILM CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

CORONATION SEASON ENTERTAINING
LONDONDERRY HOUSE RECEPTION

The reception at Londonderry House for overseas visitors was one of the high-lights of last week. Here, the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, *wearing her diamond diadem, a diamond necklace, and her famous amethysts, is receiving her guests. Her youngest daughter,* LADY MAIRI STEWART, *and the* MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY *may be seen behind her.*

Right: The picturesque dress of the foreign visitors added to the decorative side of the reception. MRS. ERIC BEUTLEY *is with a* BURMESE GUEST.

This is a general view of guests taken from the top of the staircase.

LADY MAIRI STEWART, VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, *only son of the Marquess of Londonderry,* VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH, *and* SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON *are seen in this group (l. to r.).*

MR. CHARLES DUNNING *and* MISS DUNNING *are with* MAJOR WALTER ELLIOT, M.P. *(right), the Secretary of State for Scotland.*

ON THE GRAND SCALE: THE BRILLIANT FOR OVERSEAS VISITORS.

LADY SIMON, *wife of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, is seen chatting to* TUNKU ABDULLAH HASSAN *and* TENGKU MAHOMED IBUI ALMARKUM SULTAN AKMAD.

The DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *mother of the Earl Marshal, is seen talking to the* BISHOP OF LONDON.

Left: MR. "JIMMY" THOMAS *is with* CAPT. VICTOR CAZALET, M.P., *in the picture gallery during the reception.*

H.E. THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR *and* FRAU VON RIBBENTROP *were snapped in animated conversation with friends at the crowded and brilliant reception.*

This group consists of SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, MAJOR SIR HUBERT YOUNG, *Governor of Northern Rhodesia,* LADY YOUNG, *and* LADY SINCLAIR.

THE G.P.O. IS CORONATION-CONSCIOUS.

The FIRST STAMPS OF THE NEW REIGN were issued this week and have been on sale at all Post Offices since Monday, May 10. This is the new 1d. stamp, of the same general design as the ½d. and 2½d. stamps and, like them, by Mr. Eric Gill, A.R.A. The colours are the same as those of the old series. The head is from a drawing by Mr. Edmund Dulac.

Although the telegraph service has seen two other Coronations during its lifetime, this is the first attempt to introduce a SPECIAL CORONATION TELEGRAM FORM. It was brought into use on May 6, and is to remain current for about a month. The Coronation Design is by Mr. Macdonald Gill, F.R.I.B.A. The Royal Arms appear in the centre of the design, surrounded by floral emblems of the British Isles. The predominating colours are red, blue, and green.

In celebration of the Coronation of H.M. King George VI. and his Consort, the Post Office is issuing a COMMEMORATIVE POSTAGE STAMP, and the 1½d. denomination has been chosen, as it is the one which has the widest circulation. At least 500 millions will be printed and it will be on sale from May 13 for some two months. The design is by Mr. Edmund Dulac, and incorporates reproductions of portraits of their Majesties drawn specially by him for the purpose. This is the first occasion on which a stamp bearing the head of the Queen as well as one of the King has appeared in this country.

Everything you've wanted in a car

THERE are several cars that can reach high speeds quickly. And a few with Independent Springing. Lots of cars, too, have hydraulic brakes and built-in luggage boots; others have adjustable steering columns. But only the new Vauxhall 25 h.p. gives you *all* these features—for as little as £298.

This "25" does its eighty—if you want it to—smoothly and quietly. Its acceleration is very rapid, its road-holding a joy. Independent Springing insulates its passengers from road shocks and jolts and, with the added comfort of No-Draught Ventilation and "Body Conformity" front seats, provides the most restful ride in motoring. Its "double-safety" hydraulic brakes are smooth and very powerful.

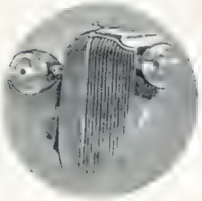
It has ample head, leg and elbow room for five people. Its lines, coachwork and quality of finish are such as you would expect only in a car costing very much more than £298. If this sounds like the car for *you*, ask your local dealer for a trial run. Or write for catalogues to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

Other models, Tickford Drophead Coupe, £365, Wingham Drophead Cabriolet, £400, Grosvenor Sports Saloon, £345, Grosvenor 7-Seater Limousine, £575. *If you want a smaller car, with the most of the above features, try a Vauxhall 12 or 14 h.p. Saloon, £195.*

The New VAUXHALL 25 *h.p.*

WITH INDEPENDENT SPRINGING

Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation gives you fresh air without draughts.



The famous radiator and fluted bonnet have always distinguished Vauxhall cars.

There's lots of luggage space in the capacious trunk with a separate sparewheel compartment.

DESIGNED TO MEET WORLD COMPETITION

By Appointment
The Life Guards .... Formed 1660 .... Cavalier Guard to King Charles II .... Still the King's personal guard .... Colonels take precedence of Field Marshals, being in turn Gold and Silver Stick in Waiting to the King .... No Sergeants—Corporals of Horse and Corporal Majors .... Oldest magnificently-uniformed troops in the world.
FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER
"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

THEIR MAJESTIES AFTER A CORONATION REHEARSAL.

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN *spent two hours at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday of last week at a rehearsal of to-day's Coronation ceremony. They put their royal robes over their day dress and sat on gold chairs placed where their Thrones were to stand. Four times the Archbishop of Canterbury went through the ceremony of crowning the King with a "property" replica of St. Edward's Crown, which is used for the crowning itself. The Queen was not crowned.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

An event of such national importance as the crowning of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth brings the news-reel and the documentary short into prominence. Amongst the latter, "THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR," prepared for general release concurrent with Coronation celebrations by Pathé Pictures, and "OUR ROYAL HERITAGE," designed by the *News of the World* to benefit the King George V. Playing Fields Fund, are excellent examples of topical productions. The first is a skilful compilation of news-reel shots, harking back to the close of King George V.'s reign, his Jubilee, last broadcast, and funeral. His inspiration lingers throughout the picture in his son's solicitude for the less fortunate amongst his subjects and his desire to come into close contact with his people. Memories of the earlier incidents of his Majesty's life are evoked. We see him passing out of the Royal Naval College of Dartmouth, some incidents of his experiences at sea and in the Battle of Jutland. We witness once again the marriage of the then Duke and Duchess of York in 1923, travel in their wake on the subsequent world tour, enjoy the King's *cameraderie* at his holiday camps. The panoramic survey passes across the screen, rich in pageantry and illuminated by many human touches. Affairs of State and social duties, scenes of splendour and royal gatherings, derive warmth from the personal note often introduced and intimacy from delightful shots of the little Princesses. The chronicle is complete and engrossing. With Commander Stephen King-Hall's apt and dignified commentary and a good orchestral accompaniment to link it up, "The House of Windsor" fufills its purpose admirably.

"Our Royal Heritage" comprises seven shorts and one feature film, designed as a general *résumé* of the subjects dealt with in the series. Judging by four of them—Heritage of the Air, the Sea, the Soil, and Defence—these fluently directed, finely photographed, and compact little pictures are not only informative, but pleasantly pictorial as well. Much documentary interest and much to delight the eye emerges from the progress of flying, briskly stated, or from shots of the fishing industry, impressive seascapes, and the pastoral charm of rural England.

Congratulations all round to the sponsors of the new picture from London Film Productions, "FAREWELL AGAIN" (Plaza). The salute would be deserved were it only for the gratifying evidence of an alert mind at work in this Erich Pommer production, which has discovered a good story in a recent incident of Service history. But under the direction of Tim Whelan that incident has been brought to the screen with vigour, humour, and dramatic impact to furnish a fine and breezy British film. The play, written by Clemence Dane in collaboration with Patrick Kirwan, concerns the curtailed leave of the 23rd Royal Lancers, who are homeward bound on the troopship *Somerset* after five grilling years in India. On the threads of an "omnibus story," woven into life on board from the saloon to the married quarters, the personal preoccupations of men and officers are neatly hung. The ship simmers with excited anticipation of reunion with wives, sweethearts, and children. Birth and the shadow of death visit the *Somerset* before the radio crackles out its unwelcome message of trouble in the Near East, the Lancers ordered to Aden, six hours in port, and then—right-about turn! Disappointment has its violent repercussions between-decks, but the Colonel's brief homily on the theme of "England expects" suffices to restore order. The picture culminates in a masterly scene at Southampton Docks, where a vast crowd of friends, relatives, and soldiers meet and mingle for a hail and farewell. The play has its moments of rather naïve concession to popular sentiment, and a Dickensian spirit hovers over it at the finish to tie several true lovers' knots and to swell several manly breasts with renewed patriotism. But, taken as a whole, it is a rousing entertainment, convincingly staged, with an excellent company headed by Leslie Banks and Flora Robson, as the Colonel and his devoted wife, to bring the many well-differentiated characters to life.

"THE ASCENT OF F.6," at the Little Theatre. *It is beyond any powers of ours to detail the subjects of this picture. The people are (top to bottom): Michael Forsyth Ransom* (WILLIAM DEVLIN), *David Gunn* (BARRY K. BARNES), *Sir James Ransom* (RAF DE LA TORRE), *Lord Stagmantle* (EDWARD LEXY), *and right, Mr. and Mrs. A.* (WILL LEIGHTON *and* ISOBEL SCAIFE).

"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT" (Leicester Square Theatre) is a triangle story developed along dual lines of comedy and heavy drama. The comedy, with the delightful linguistic somersaults of Leo Carrillo to give it a fillip, is of such entertaining quality that one almost regrets the drama that impinges on the romance of a charming divorcée and an equally charming head-waiter. The heroine has every reason for leaving her husband, a shipping magnate, whose love for her drives him to unmitigated cruelty. He pays his chauffeur to compromise her and, when his plan fails, murders the unfortunate man in order to fasten the crime on Paul, prince of Paris head-waiters, who has rescued the persecuted lady from her predicament. Nor does the husband, pursuing his revenge, stick at an attempt to wreck his own luxury-liner, in which the lovers are sailing back to France. He sends out a wireless order to secure a speed record, regardless of fog and icebergs in the Atlantic, and, having achieved his purpose when the liner crashes into a berg, kills himself. The commander's obedience to the order in the face of extreme danger is hard to swallow, though the subsequent scenes of panic on board make an exciting finale and are realistically presented. Personally, I preferred the picture in its lighter moods. Leo Carrillo, at the top of his form as a *chef* with the soul of a culinary artist, Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur, leavening romance with humour, form an engaging trio, playing smoothly into each other's hands. Colin Clive, to whom falls the harder task of portraying a man on the border-line of lunacy, supplies a grim study of nerves stretched to breaking-point. The director, Frank Borzage, keeps the balance between the conflicting emotions of the picture, and his sense of pictorial values creates an atmosphere of polished elegance for a story that travels from Parisian surroundings to New York and back.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

UNDOUBTEDLY Daly's is the right address for "THE GRAND DUCHESS." It can be argued that the British should be parading one of their own light operas for the benefit of Coronation visitors and not relying upon the graceful facility of Jacques Offenbach, albeit the libretto has been drastically modernised and Anglicised by Mr. G. P. Robinson. But surely there is no need for national jealousies or animosities in these affairs. Offenbach seems now to be an international figure, the grand source of nearly half the musical-comedy melodies ever written. We may even call him British by absorption or by that flattering kind of annexation which lies in mimicry. At any rate, plenty of British musical entertainments have since been largely in his debt.

However much you may attempt to modernise the book of "The Grand Duchess," the lady remains obstinately in the last century. The comedians may use the idiom of to-day, but nothing will bring General Boum into the age of aeroplanes and television. The private soldier, so vivaciously portrayed by Mr. Bruce Carfax, can hardly belong to the Flying Corps. The Duchess herself can scarcely be imagined as singing the Hymn of the Bomber: she belongs to a world of riding-habits and Toledo blades and sings of the steel that is handled by a Beau Sabreur, while he is the typical romantic charmer who moves in waltz-time and will turn up, still dancing, in any country where love and politics go to music.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS," *at Daly's. The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* (ENID CRUICKSHANK) *sings "Here is the sabre, the sabre, the sabre"—just like that. Fritz* (BRUCE CARFAX) *is suitably unmoved.*

This means, of course, that young people may regard the narrative and humorous side of "The Grand Duchess" as a trifle slow and faded, despite the efforts to bring all up to date. Certainly you must accommodate yourself to other standards of speed and wit than those established by Mr. Leslie Henson and the popular drolls of our time. If you want the complete contrast between the popular "musicals" of one period and another, step across from Daly's to the Coliseum and see "On Your Toes." But why should it be impossible to enjoy both styles of entertainment? The fact that you enjoy a cocktail need not prevent your savouring with pleasure later on a glass of claret or Tokay.

Admittedly, on the first night, we had rather too much of the good old thing; but when half an hour has been saved by cutting here and tightening there, the effect will be very different. I do not imply that general acceleration is necessary. Grand Duchesses must move in the grand manner, and the famous song of the Sabre, which I must confess to finding somewhat oppressively repetitive, is not to be jazzed up as though it were a Machine-gun Madrigal. No, the piece must be given with the weighty and dignified tread of its period. It moves with a fine glitter of frogged jackets and Hessian boots, and must not be expected to skip as though it were inhabiting the shoes of a tap-dancer. Mr. W. S. Percy, as Boum, is tremendously active and fully as amusing as that kind of trip-and-bluster fun can nowadays seem to be. Miss Enid Cruickshank will attack her great part with more confidence now that the first night is over. Mr. Richard Goolden, a comedian in whom I always rejoice, was not quite as amusing as I expected him to be, the reason being, I suspect, that he was being loyal to the spirit of Victorian operetta and refusing to get easy laughs by broadening his fun. The plot insists that, after appearing as the comic noodle and weakling, he should suddenly assert himself as a fine figure of a he-man. Naturally, if the player emphasises the noodledom, the turn of the plot becomes harder to make plausible. Mr. Goolden paid the plot the perhaps unnecessary compliment of taking it in earnest.

"THE ASCENT OF F.6," which was produced by Mr. Ashley Dukes in his Mercury Playhouse at Notting Hill Gate, has earned a rise and comes to the Little Theatre. Its authors, Messrs. Christopher Isherwood and W. H. Auden, are developing a species of prose-and-poetry drama in which prose develops the narrative while chorus and comment employ metre and rhyme to point their moral and adorn their tale. They have great fertility in satiric observation, and since this kind of piece makes no great demands on theatrical contrivance and technique, one imagines that they can polish off their rhymes of the times and their rebukes of society with considerable speed. The ascent of this spur of the Parnassus range should prove considerably easier than the ascent of the mountain called "F.6."

For this fable the authors have used a remote, ascetic, rather angry figure, like that of the Arabian Lawrence, and involved him in an adventure of exploration which is being organised as an advertisement for the Empire and also for some of its newspapers. Part of the purpose is to rake with satire the vulgarities of a noisy, showy Imperialism, but the picture of Ransom, the young mountaineer who leads the doomed expedition, is made with so much sympathy and penetration that the play is far more than another attack on a commonly admitted evil. It is a lively examination of youth at odds with existence and struggling to master the secrets of life as well as the raw material of living. Mr. William Devlin has the capacity to make Ransom seem interesting and important, and Mr. Barry Barnes is a neatly humorous attendant on the sufferings of Ransom.

Accordingly, "The Ascent of F.6" raises a somewhat lonely head as a serious contribution to the drama of 1937, whose serious side has for the most part been difficult to discover. The week before the Coronation was also expected to introduce another mystery play, "And the Music Stopped," at the New. This had been well received during a preliminary tour. But the bus stoppage made a start uncertain. However, the public in search of crooks, "cops," corpses, clues, and all the joys of crime and punishment were not left unfed with such tit-bits. There were already nine crook plays running in the West End. Our visitors will certainly be able to sup with horrors: will they be surprised at the supposedly phlegmatic Briton's appetite for such a diet?

When the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein (ENID CRUICKSHANK) *sings "Voici le sabre, le sabre, le sabre" Fritz* (BRUCE CARFAX) *seems to lose his detachment a bit. There must be something about French!*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xvi.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS IRENE HANDL—For Giving a 5-minutes' Inarticulate Performance that Brings Down the House in "George and Margaret."

MISS IRENE HANDL *plays a minor rôle in "George and Margaret," the successful comedy at Wyndham's—so small a part that she has no lines to put over; in fact, she has nothing whatever to say. She comes on, does some business, and yet holds the audience entranced. Her part is that of the New Maid, who has been specially selected by Mrs. Garth-Bander* (JOYCE BARBOUR; *left) for her lack of "S.A.," as she does not want to have another daughter-in-law recruited from her own domestic staff! Claude Garth-Bander* (JOHN BOXER; [redacted] *has married the last (very good-looking) parlour-maid.*

Sketch Diary of Fashion

Edited by Olive Caley Smith

IN a season when receptions are the order of the day and grand parties have been planned for almost every night, nothing is more vitally important to a woman than a coiffure that will bring her poise and serenity. To know that it is giving her an enviable distinction—to have learned from experience that she need not fuss over it—that is the ideal; and it is one that is reached by every woman who goes to Truefitt and Hill, of 23, Old Bond Street, W., where long tradition and modernity of outlook are happily allied.

Here, in their spacious new salons, a staff of British craftsmen create individual styles with a brilliant flair and a comforting soundness, for their work remains a lasting tribute to their skill instead of growing blurred with the passing of a few hours. Their permanent waving is a triumph, not only in its results, but in the ease with which, by a new adaptation of the wireless principle, it is effected.

PETER CLARK

A DIGNIFIED and ageless coiffure for brilliant occasions, the hair swept softly from the brow and curled under from a centre parting. Truefitt and Hill have created it specially for the woman who wears a tiara, and as an alternative to jewels they suggest one that is composed of waxen flowers. They make a speciality of these, using whatever flowers express best the personality of the wearer.

Long May

HERE'S a spectator who wins high marks with her summer coat of bright printed piqué lined with taffeta worn over a navy dress of fine wool with flowers at the neck and tucks at the waist. Warm enough for the early morning; cool-looking during the day.

AS gay as the street decorations—a violet-blue skirt and scarf in fine wool, worn with a slick yellow jacket embroidered with red scrolls and hearts. It comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge.

JOHN EVERARD

A THIRD suit from Harrods, in fine black wool, with Mexican pipings on the fitted jacket, and silver fox revers on the little Dolman coatee.

They Reign

THE two girls on the right are not worrying about their clothes. They know they can stand up to it, for they are Matita models, young and fresh and full of fun. The one on the steps wears a suit in oatmeal jersey-tweed with a front and revers striped in green, gold and beige. The jacket has tucked pockets and the skirt has two inverted pleats at the front.

Her companion wears an amber-coloured silk and wool summer-weight dress with a white scarf and belt and good-looking oxydised clips. The loose half-length coat is of flecked linen tweed with plain facings.

JOHN EVERARD

DOMINION and American visitors need no introduction to Matita clothes. They know them already, so they will want to meet their new models. The girl on the left is pretty pleased with her suit in off-white linen, with an orange scarf, metal clips, and a novel belt. It is cool and it 's practical, and it has charming short sleeves. You will find Matita models in exclusive shops throughout the world, or, if you like, you can ring up Museum 0725 and ask about them.

CAVIAR AND CABBAGES.

By MOLLY CASTLE.

XIX.—OLD TIMER: WARNER BAXTER

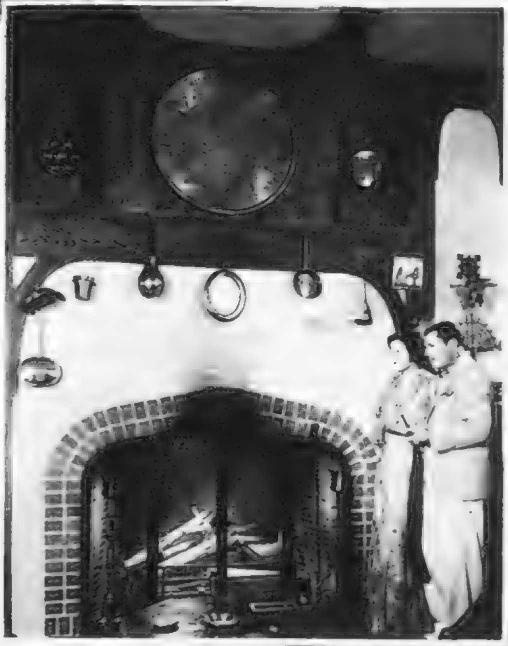
WARNER BAXTER is the only man in his studio who has a kitchen in his dressing-room; but, as far as I know, he 's the only star who 's ever wanted one. Not that it is actually in his dressing-room; nor is it exactly a kitchen. It 's a kitchenette, and it 's outside his front door. He uses it principally for cooking chile con carne. His chile con carne parties are famous. He cooks small ones for supper on Sunday nights at home, and large-size ones for the lunch of the entire personnel of his current

A view of Warner Baxter's picturesque SWIMMING-POOL.

picture. Count his pictures, and you 'll know how many chiles Warner has cooked. He 's cooked plenty.

Warner has been a star at Twentieth Century-Fox longer than anyone there; almost since the Nineteenth Century. He and Shirley Temple are the old-timers there. Practically underneath Warner's picture, painted on the restaurant walls, we sat one day eating lunch. At least, I was eating; Warner was just toying. Someone had got loose in his kitchenette and cooked up some macaroni. This cook had insisted on having Warner's expert opinion on the macaroni, spoiling the outside edge of his appetite.

Some day, Warner told me, he 'd be able to retire. It wouldn't be soon, though. What kept him working was not his public and not his producers: it was his income-tax returns. Now, income tax in America is not so hard on people like you and me; but on the Morgans and the Vanderbilts, the Astors and the Baxters it cracks down pretty hard. It seems these big shots have to hand over 75 per cent. of their earnings to the Roosevelt boys, and that barely leaves them enough to live on. Each year they (or at least Warner has; I have his word for it) have to keep on working to pay for the work they did the year before. Warner's idea is that if the studio would reduce people's earnings each year, the following year they would have a little less tax, and if they lived to be around eighty years old they might get completely out of debt. But meanwhile, of course, they 've been living from hand to mouth.



WARNER BAXTER *and* MRS. WARNER BAXTER *by their own fireside.*

Warner told me the story of poor Bill Fields, who was offered 50,000 dollars a week for a brief appearance on the air. It turned out that this money would move Bill up one notch in the income-tax class, and so, by the time the whole thing had been levelled out, it would mean that the radio hour would net him only fifteen hundred dollars a week. And you can see for yourself he could scarcely afford to work for that. Also, said Warner, there were these cigarette ads. Terribly expensive they 'd proved to some of the poor stars. The ten thousand dollars they 'd been paid had sometimes cost them as much as five in excess tax to earn it.

We laughed about this for a while, until Warner had to leave me to go and chat with a Big Business man who was lunching a couple of tables away. It was probably the president of a bank or the head man of an insurance company. Warner was pretty sure, anyway, that it was one of the men who helped pay his income tax.

While he was gone I went on eating and reflecting that Warner is a kind-hearted man, and you 'd never suppose that his red-letter day was the day a rabbit came flying through a windscreen and put out another bloke's eye. He had nothing against Raoul Walsh, who owned the eye in question; but he did get Raoul's part in "In Old Arizona," and he certainly needed it. In those days it wasn't a question of tax; it was just income, pure and simple, that was needed.

But he went right on from there; right on to the point where he has the finest dressing-room on the lot. Dressing-room—why, most people would be glad enough to live in this fine large apartment. It has two large rooms, one of those de luxe bathrooms that seem to grow out of nothing in the United States; a concealed bar, all done with mirrors, a grand piano, a very large radio-gramophone, cupboards full of clothes, a balcony, and a photograph of his wife in Spanish costume. It 's more than twenty years since he joined a stock company and fell in love with the dark-haired second lead, Winifred Bryson. It 's nineteen years since they were married.

Now they own a grand house. There are all sorts of tricks to it. There 's a piece of tapestry that rolls away and leaves a good-sized movie-screen on view. At the other end of the room a picture conceals the projector. No cupboard kitchenette is the all-electric kitchen in this house. In their day the Warner Baxters have done a good deal of starving together, and Warner's tragedy is that it looks as if it is going to begin all over again. You see, he 's been making chile dishes since he had to be tied on to his mother's apron-strings to prevent him from falling in the stew-pot, and chiles are hotter than their name implies. The result is that Warner has almost burnt out his innards, and the doctor has forbidden him to eat any more of his favourite food.

WARNER BAXTER'S PERSONAL RECIPE FOR CHILE CON CARNE.

Warner never allows anyone to help him construct his chile con carnes. He makes them for his friends' suppers at home and always on the last day of production for the cast of his pictures. Like this: Into 1½ cups of hot olive oil he puts 3 medium-chopped onions; simmers for 10 minutes, and adds 2 lb. minced lean pork and 1 lb. lean minced steak. Simmers for 20 minutes, and adds 2 cans tomato juice, 2 quarts boiling water, 1 cup chile powder, and 6 pods of grated garlic; salt to taste. He puts a tablespoonful of kumis seed and another of oregano in a cheesecloth bag for flavour and simmers all slowly for about 1½ hours. Then adds 1½ lb. Mexican beans which have been soaked overnight and cooked till tender.

A view of Warner Baxter's FORMAL GARDEN *and* SUNDIAL.

Another Board Meeting

Some of us can throw a dart that lands precisely where it was meant to go. Some of us think we are improving if we hit the board at all. But we all have a true enough aim when it comes to refreshment. Clear and golden in the glass . . . . gloriously cool and reviving . . . . chalk up the winning score for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale!

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. LONDON. E.C.

I.P.S.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE HOUSE BY THE SEA" recalls, in its setting and its treatment, one of the best thrillers that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, or, indeed, anyone else, has ever written: "The Chink in the Armour." The scene is the South of France. A party of English people and one American are guests at the Villa of the hospitable and benevolent Marchesa Frescobaldi; and the story opens with their visit to an Arab fortune-teller. Before proceeding to his real business he gives a convincing demonstration of his powers, calling up in the memories of his clients that episode which he or she least liked to remember. But when he came to Vanderlyn, his vision was troubled, He could not say for certain whether the American would escape the desperate danger to life and limb that threatened him in the near future, or whether he would succumb to it.

VISCOUNTESS ELIBANK *is here posed in her peeress's robes, as she will appear when she attends the Coronation Service in the Abbey to-day, May 12.*

Vanderlyn did not take the prophecy seriously: indeed, at the Château Belle-Colline, with its retinue of servants and its renowned respectability (almost alone among Riviera private houses, it permitted no private gambling within its walls), the very idea of danger seemed far-fetched. Vanderlyn had no hesitation in making friends with the Russian girl, Dina Hitrowo, who lived with her aunt in a lonely house by the sea; indeed, her diffidence, her air of mystery, pleased him perhaps by its contrast with the almost ostentatious security of his own surroundings. So he let himself be drawn into her life, part of which, he presently discovered, consisted of taking part in a gambling syndicate. In someone else this might have repelled him: in Dina it did not; it added to his interest and increased his solicitude. He felt he must save her from the circumstances, whatever they were, that made her unhappy. He had been warned; over and over again he had been warned. But his love for Dina, increasing in proportion with his suspicion of her *bona fides*, blinded him, not to the true state of affairs, but to the course he ought to take. When the burglary occurred that put the entire household at Château Belle-Colline in confusion, he possessed the knowledge that would have brought the criminals to book. But he would not use it, because to have done so would have endangered Dina. He knew he was being disloyal to his hostess; he believed he was shielding Dina: he never for a moment guessed he was running his head into a noose.

Lover and Fool.

Thus, like the girl in "The Chink in the Armour," he is led step by step into mortal danger—so insidiously that at no point (having due regard to the love factor) can one say: here he was definitely stupid. Dina kept him guessing, as she keeps us; but he was always ready (except once, just at the last) to give her the benefit of the doubt. Had he not been a lover, we should have certainly called him a fool; if there are moments when he is both, the combination is not rare in human nature. For human nature Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has a great respect; sensational as many of her stories are, they always lead towards an understanding of it, instead of (as do most of those of her colleagues in the same field) in a contrary direction. Though she may introduce characters who are not absolutely necessary to the development of her story, she always gives them life and individuality; indeed, many of her best and surest touches are given to subsidiary figures, like Lady Marsfield, whose part in the plot is passive. "The House by the Sea" would be an absorbing novel even without the overhanging threat (so richly fulfilled) of terror to come. It would be ungrateful to disparage the final chapters, which, in their rapid crescendo of alarm, are as good as anything Mrs. Lowndes has done; but the problem debated by Vanderlyn's conscience, the conflict between private loyalty and social duty, would have been just as urgent had some lesser danger than loss of life depended on his decision.

"Six Days' Grace."

A political election nearly always makes a good subject for a novel. One remembers the stir and excitement of Mr. Veneering's campaign in "Our Mutual Friend." All will be well, we are continually assured, if the candidate's friends "will only rally round him." The same problem confronts Read Cole, the hero of Mr. W. R. Burnett's new novel, "Six Days' Grace." He had been Governor for nearly two years, and was now running for re-election. He was—

> . . . something new in Ohio politics. During the mortgage riots, and later during the big strike, these same reporters had seen him nearly every day; but none of them felt that they knew him. They were used to the common or garden variety of provincial politician; they were used to rural comics, and big city careerists, almost all very apparently with axes to grind or grudges to settle or pockets to line; the reporters regarded these men neither with hostility nor affection, but with a mild contempt. Read Cole escaped classification and it worried the reporters a little. His rise had been routine. He had worked his way through the University waiting table and doing odd jobs. . . . He was neither a low-brow nor an intellectual. . . . He had made no spectacular mistakes, unlike some governors, and had had no conspicuous successes; he governed quietly. Strangest of all, there was nothing ridiculous about him; cartoonists racked their brains over him; and even the sharp and cynical eyes of the newspapermen could not detect any important flaws in either his person, his mind, or his administration. He was forty-three years old; had served overseas. . . .

A Harassed Candidate.

Such were the outlines of the portrait Mr. Burnett sets out to fill in. The six crowded days that lead up to the election tell us a great deal about him, and some of the information would have delighted the reporters,

[Continued overleaf.

This charming snapshot shows H.M. THE QUEEN *and her mother-in-law,* H.M. QUEEN MARY. *It was taken on the occasion of the dedication by the Archbishop of Canterbury of the Memorial Chapel at the Royal Military College (Sandhurst).*

Line and print build the arresting beauty of this tulip-printed taffeta gown. Décolleté back, high gauged bodice and a garland-like ruffle of taffeta to match. From the Model Gown Salon for 28 Gns.

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(Continued.)

could they have got hold of it. For instance, that their respected Governor (a widower now of some years' standing) had fallen more than a little in love with a "coat check" girl, who called herself "Kitten"; and that this little affair was momentarily consoling him for the defection of Eileen Bradley, daughter of Major Bradley, the town's brightest social light. She had married an Italian, Count Riquetti, and divorced him; now she had succumbed to the (in Cole's eyes) lounge-lizard charms of his brother. The newspapers, too, might have been interested to hear that the Governor's son had got into a scrape at his cadet school: all sorts of penalties and disabilities awaited him unless he would divulge the provenance of the liquor that he and his friends, and the lady, had enjoyed. Moreover, Cole's daughter had "fallen for" this same fatal Riquetti, thereby driving to desperation her own hundred-per-cent. American young man. Certainly he had plenty on his mind at home; while outside all his energies were given to defeating Mr. Fielding, alias Eagle Beak, a dangerous visionary and demagogue, who was said to "have the farmers solid." Eagle Beak frankly fancied his own chances; he asked Cole to have "the Mansion all swept and cleaned up, because I'm moving in shortly"—

Read flushed slightly.

"You'll find it a very nice place to live in, very comfortable."

"Hate to move, don't you?"

"Oh, no, I don't care where I live."

Such was the exchange of compliments between the two chief rivals. Often extremely crude in feeling, the dialogue in this story, as in so many American novels of its class, is highly dexterous in expression; even Jean Cole, despite her expensive education, could exchange a wise-crack with the best of them. "Six Days' Grace" lives by its dialogue, I think, and by its vivid presentation of American political methods, which include an attempted assassination and a death. The sentimental aspects of the story, the process by which various hearts are turned from dangerous, exotic loves to an appreciation of the home-grown and the worthy, are less interesting.

"Enjoyment of Laughter."

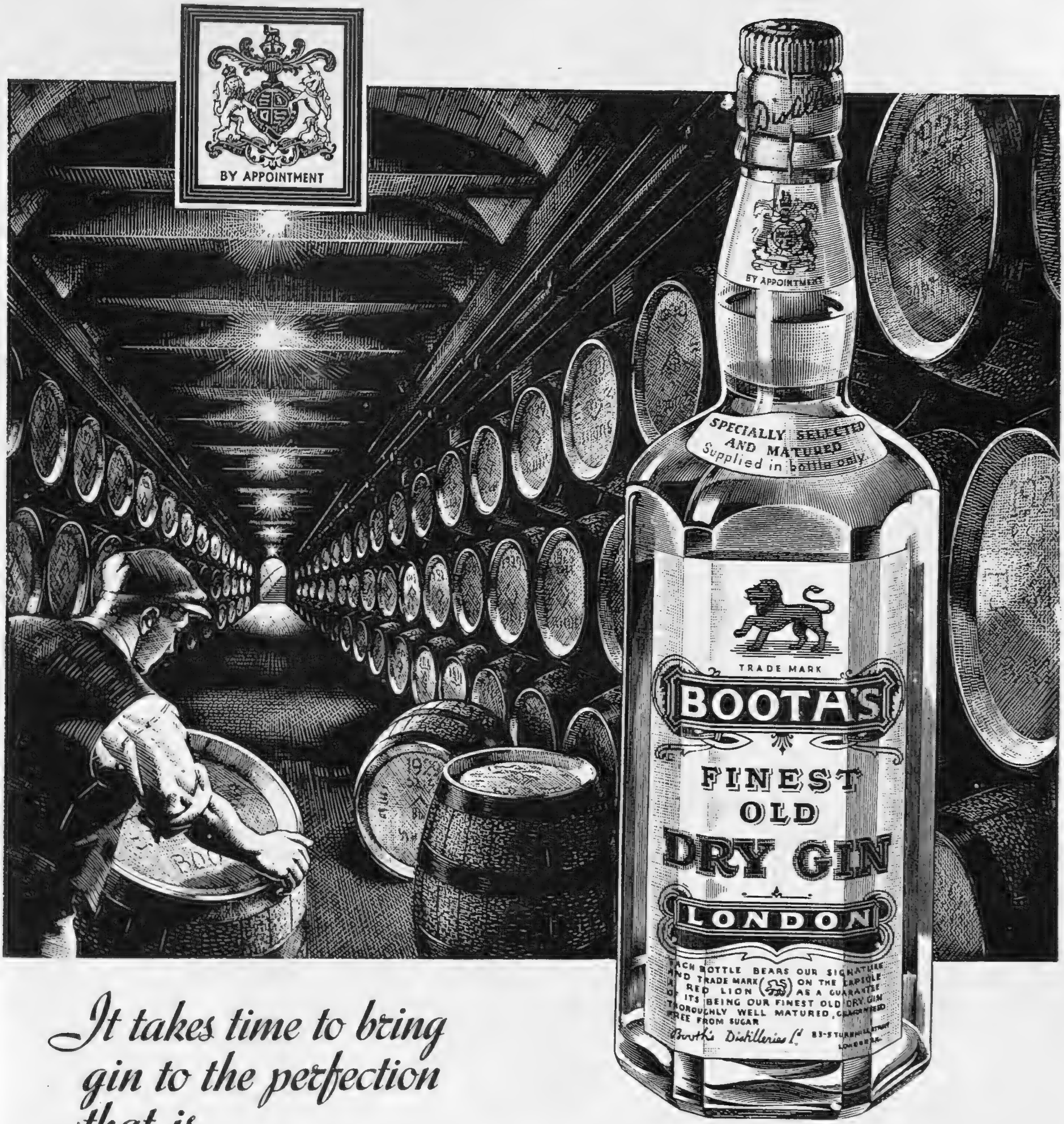
American dialogue, with its laconic humour, its astonishing feats of under- and over-statement, finds itself, and deserves to find itself, worthily represented in Mr. Max Eastman's immense, comprehensive study, "Enjoyment of Laughter." The title may strike one as a little tautological—surely laughter implies enjoyment? Unless, of course, it is a question of laughing on the wrong side of one's face, or seeing a joke against oneself, or picking oneself up from the floor when a chair has been surreptitiously withdrawn from under one. Humour in action, practical humour, is very often cruel, and it takes a philosopher to enjoy the kind of laughter that occurs when one has been made to look silly. Mr. Eastman is a philosopher; he discusses his subject from every conceivable angle and throws a flood of light on it; he is, what not all humorists are, good-humoured, and his laughter is infectious, so that even the victim of a booby-trap (prepared by him) might, recollecting the experience in tranquillity, enjoy it. I am not sure, though, whether one of his theories of laughter (he has many) is not over-civilised. The essence of humour, he says, is disappointment: offer something to a baby, snatch it away as he is about to grasp it, and the infant will laugh. But, he adds, "not all disappointments are funny. It depends how your feelings are involved. Humour arises when your feelings are not seriously involved. Humour is playful disappointment." Certainly the one who is disappointed will see the joke only if he happens to be in the mood; but the one who disappoints (as every schoolboy knows) will relish the joke all the better if it is invisible to the disappointee. Indeed, if an April Fool joins in the general laugh, it tends to spoil the fun.

The PRINCESS OF BERAR is one of the most beautiful of the distinguished foreign visitors for the Coronation. She is the wife of the Prince of Berar, son and heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and was Princess Dhuraj Shehvar. She is a daughter of the ex-Caliph of Turkey.

Humour, Kind and Unkind. Many of the drawings Mr. Eastman reproduces emphasise the cruel element in laughter—notably Peter Arno's, which are so often at the expense of elderly gentlemen or fat ladies—or both. But in the text of his book he treats principally of verbal humour, humour that is funny *per se*, and involves no element of humiliation between the two parties to the joke. When Mark Twain said that the report of his death was greatly exaggerated, no one could feel mortified; when Charles Lamb met a man in the street carrying a hare and said, "Sir, is that your own hare or a wig?" the stranger, unless unusually testy, probably joined in the laugh. Dorothy Parker, when told that President Coolidge was dead, remarked, "How can they tell?"—a delicious comment that could not sting if (as one supposes) the President was really dead. "Enjoyment of Laughter" is a mine of good stories. Mr. Eastman, in his search for categories, analyses and "explains" a good many of them—a process which, he declares, is certain to kill their humour; but it doesn't, it merely enables us to laugh more scientifically—a valuable accomplishment in the present age. One meets statements that surprise one—*e.g.*, the dictum (quoted from Professor Sumner) that "the notion of obscenity is very modern." But surely the mural paintings in Pompeii

[Continued on page xvi.

H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER wore a lovely white fox-fur cape when she attended the gala première of "London Melody" at the Granada Cinema, Barking Road, East Ham. It was announced last week that the Duke of Gloucester, while he is acting as "chief assistant" to his brother the King, will have a special allowance of £10,000 a year in addition to the £25,000 he already receives.



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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

Writing about golf while thinking about Coronation festivities is anything but an easy task. However, the links offer some attraction, for there is no better stimulant for the strenuous business of whole-hearted participation in the festivities than a round of golf. This week almost every club is holding a Coronation meeting, and in a great number of instances the entry fees and sweepstakes go to some national charity, or the King George Memorial Fund. If only for that reason there will be more mid-week golf played this week than usual.

And our overseas visitors have not been overlooked. The English Golf Union is to be congratulated upon one of the most progressive and generous gestures ever offered to visitors from the Empire overseas. Some months ago the Union sent a circular to its member clubs, asking them to offer their courses to Empire overseas visitors. More than six hundred clubs in England have responded favourably to the request. At any of these, golfers from any part of the British Empire will be entertained as guests of the club, without payment of green fee. Lists of these courses are posted to clubs and to the London headquarters of each Dominion or Colony, so that Empire visitors will have no difficulty in getting free golf at some course, whatever part of England they may visit. There is a bewildering selection of courses in the Metropolitan area on the list, for London clubs have supported the scheme wholeheartedly. For the information of overseas readers, I would point out that the only thing necessary, if they wish to avail themselves of the hospitality of any club on the list during any day or days in the month of May, is a card of introduction from their own National Golf Union, golfing society, or golf club. It may be hardly necessary to state that application, either in writing or by telephone, should be made to the club secretary prior to the visit, for there may be a club competition or tournament in progress at the time.

The South African amateur golf team are here seen, and are shown on arrival in the Union Castle liner "Windsor Castle" at Southampton. The names are (l. to r.) MESSRS. R. D. HAYES, O. C. E. OLANDER, J. G. HIRSCH, *manager,* A. D. LOCKE, *and* F. O. L. AGGE.

High Standard of Amateur Golf. Reverting to home affairs, it is interesting to review the English Golf Championship, the first of the season's title events, recently decided at Saunton. The most striking feature was the high standard of golf played there. Saunton is one of England's beauty spots, unspoiled by crowds, and tucked away in Barnstaple Bay, it is far enough off the beaten track to make one feel that one is out on a voyage of discovery. And yet it is by no means inaccessible, being situated only a few miles from Barnstaple and Ilfracombe. It is worth the trouble of a much longer journey to play on one of England's most delightful courses. Every known species of wild flower grows somewhere on Saunton links.

Out Went the Champions. The Championship itself was full of surprises. They began with Surrey losing their County Championship title to Lancashire, who had the services of Harry Bentley, the English Champion. In this event, Charles Stowe, a young man who was a miner a few years ago at the Earl of Dudley's colliery in Staffordshire, created a record with his score of 71. His Lordship took an interest in Stowe, and hearing that his work affected his eyesight, took him into the offices at the mine, where he is still working. There is a possibility that Stowe may join the ranks of professional golfers before long; he has been offered a post as assistant professional to Michael Bingham, who takes up duties at Sunningdale in July next. It is long since there has been such a Championship of unexpected happenings. Every time any of the well-known players became favourite, he went out immediately. Cyril Tolley was beaten early. Unfortunately, the draw brought him into opposition with William Sutton, a former champion from Cheshire, in the second round, and Tolley's putting could not match the wizardry of his opponent. T. A. Bourn and Stanley Lunt, two other past winners, did not last much longer against the onslaught of the comparatively "unknowns," and Harry Bentley, the holder, and Charles Stowe, then the favourites, went the way of other great men during the fifth round. Bentley had the satisfaction or, at least, consolation, such as it may be, of knowing that he went down to J. J. F. Pennink, the young Sussex golfer, who captained Oxford University two years ago, and who was the ultimate winner. Even the climax was surprising. Pennink was opposed to Leonard Crawley, a Walker Cup player with a reputation as a match fighter. Crawley has been in many a tight match in rackets and cricket, as well as golf—more than once he has saved the Essex County team from defeat in a desperate situation. He was obviously the favourite when opposed to such a fine golfer as is Pennink, but a man who had never even contested the final round of a national tournament.

Championship Nerves.

But Crawley crumpled up as I have never before, in a long experience, seen a first-class golfer fail. He did not even make a fight of it, and never once, in the whole course of the thirty-six-holes match, did he hold the lead. He missed more shots during that match than he usually misses in six months. Pennink beat him by 6 and 5, and if he had not played indifferently in the first round, he might have won by a great deal more. As it was, Pennink gained a single-hole lead on the first round, and played the most brilliant golf of the whole Championship during the second round.

MR. J. J. F. PENNINK, *of Royal Ashdown Forest Club, the former Oxford University captain, won the English Amateur Golf Championship at Saunton, defeating Mr. Leonard Crawley, the former Cambridge University golfer, in the final by six up and five to play. Mr. Pennink is here receiving his trophy from* MR. J. C. CHRISTIE, *of Glyndebourne Opera House fame.*

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what
a
blessing
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can
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such as this
when
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feeling
a
little
bit
"lost"?

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"IT 'S a matter of trying to look ahead as far as you can," The Broker declared. "No good trying to judge things from day to day. You only lose your money. And that 's rather exasperating when you haven't any to lose."

"Have you lost all yours?" asked The Engineer.

"Got any left?" The Jobber enquired.

"I have lost what little I had, and I have very few pennies left," was the reply.

"Contradiction in terms. But what do you see in the future?"

"More decay than change. All the same, there must be hundreds of bargains in the markets, if one did but know what to choose."

"Can't we get down to brass-tacks? I do dislike this general sort of talk."

"Really? You surprise me. But may I point out that, with markets fluctuating so rapidly every minute, it 's difficult to say, even a day in advance, what one ought to do."

"Cutting out all that, what then?"

He appealed to The Engineer. "You ought to be able to help us," he invited.

"I don't know," The Engineer hesitated. "Projectiles must be cheap, on what the Company is doing."

"What does it make?"

"Shells, and such-like. It does a good deal of general work, too, in addition to war material. The last two reports were very good, and the shares ought to pay well on the money."

"Provided that the profits are maintained, eh?"

"Pretty sure to be, I should say. And Vickers have had a big drop from the best."

"The last dividend was disappointing," The Broker recalled. "Oh, yes; I know that the figures were satisfactory. There 's scope for a recovery, I 'll admit."

"John Browns and B.S.A. came down with a bump," observed The Merchant.

"So have Consetts and most of the other things in that market. There has been a good deal of mild gambling, I suppose."

"And a good deal of wild gambling in Kaffirs at the Cape. I believe, if you ask me, that Jo'burg is responsible for a good deal of the recent mess we 've had in the markets. I 'm told that every lift-attendant and bell-hop and chambermaid in the town has been speculating like hell."

"There can be only one end to that sort of thing," said The City Editor, rather uselessly. "I remember seeing the same kind of fever one year in New York when I was over in the States."

"Who actually loses the money? One can't suppose that a lift-boy or a charwoman has a great deal of spare cash for speculation. And the losses must have been frightfully heavy in shares like West Wits and Western Reefs."

"Not to mention East Rand Consols, Spaarwater, and Gold Fields."

"To say nothing of——"

"That 's enough," The Broker decided. "We are supposed to be trying to find out what shares are cheap: not what shares have been too dear."

"How about your precious West Wits? You 've always been so mightily proud of your West Wit tip. It has tipped the wrong way for us now."

"I 've told you all along that the shares are of the type which have to be put on one side and left there until—until the grandchildren come of age."

"The coming generation must feel very sick at their grandfathers not selling the shares and buying them back at a bumper profit."

"All right," said The Broker. "I 'm not going to argue with you. Just you wait for ten or twenty years, and see if I 'm not right."

"But what do we buy for ourselves?" persisted The Merchant. "My grandchildren haven't done a great deal for me. Up to the present."

"I can't see anything wrong with British Oxygen," The City Editor declared. "Those shares must be cheap; if anything is."

"That 's the point. Is there anything you can justifiably call cheap?"

"I tell you that there are fortunes to be made, if only we happen to pick the right shares. In a year's time, we shall be absolutely kicking ourselves for not having bought a whole heap of things to-day."

"Turner and Newall?"

"That 's a good one. And Associated Portland Cement. And Imperial Chemical. There should be money in all of those."

"Always provided that the N.D.C. doesn't bite too deeply into the profits."

"I don't see how it can. Chamberlain isn't such a fool as to kill business at the very time that the country wants money so badly."

"With due respect to our Chancellor of the Exchequer, it seems to me a weird action on his part to run the risk of having a full-dress Stock Exchange slump on the eve of the Coronation."

"You can't lay the whole blame upon Chamberlain."

"He brought the slump to a head, anyway. There were other things as well, we know, but it was the Budget that gave our markets the final knock."

"The Budget has taken the heart out of a good many people round the country," The City Editor stated with conviction. "It 's an awful pity that this particular tax should have been put on just at the time we were all prepared to go gay over the Coronation."

"Much better for you to stay at home with people your own age and go to an Old Folks' Tea or some other orgy of that kind."

"They tell me," said The Merchant, "that the West End hasn't been particularly busy, so far, in spite of the crowds of visitors."

"That 's no more than you 'd expect. The visitors have been sight-seeing, and looking-up friends, and buzzing about all over the place. It 's after the Coronation that the West End will get really busy."

"You mean that people will be buying presents to take back home with them?"

"Presents for themselves, too. You can take it from me that the West End will have the time of its young life for a month or six weeks after the middle of May."

The Broker thought that the shopping would be largely confined to "what you call the visitors. The slump has taken all my spare cash, as I told you before."

"I rather like that story," said The Jobber, "of the chap who complained that he had already lost two thousand pounds out of his original capital of five hundred pounds."

"If you want to increase your capital," remarked The Engineer, "I should suggest a purchase of Ashanti Goldfields and Burma Corporations."

"Sticking to the good things, eh? But isn't it better to have shares that don't pay a dividend?"

"Probably it is, if you 're out for a gamble."

"Any mining share is that."

"Well, up to a point. There are many degrees, all the same, in mining speculation. You can hardly compare, say, Dominion Reefs with—with Trepca, or Nundydroog, or Government Areas."

"Why Roosevelt can't leave us in peace and let us go about our lawful occasions without these constant political shocks, goodness only knows."

"Politics are almost as much of a curse as bucket-shops. We never seem free from politicians nowadays."

"That 's true enough, but I wish the Finance Bill had been published before the Coronation, instead of its being postponed until twelve days after. What is the reason for that, do you suppose?"

The City Editor made a show of looking carefully to see that no unauthorised carriage-crasher had wormed his way into the compartment.

"I 'll tell you, if you promise not to breathe a word of it to anyone else," he said, with impressive slowness. "I am told"—again he glanced cautiously around.

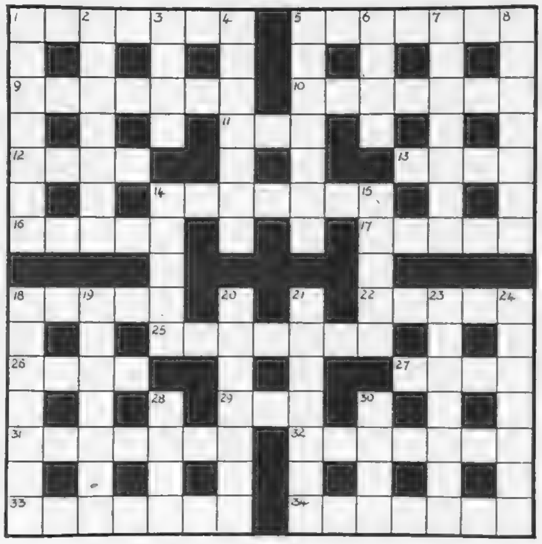
"Oh, get on with it!" exclaimed The Jobber, half-expecting a leg-pull.

"—that the Finance Bill will provide for a complete remission of income-tax, and an old-age Coronation pension for all Stock Exchange men over the age of forty-five."

The Jobber opened the door and flung him on to the platform. "You can jolly well sit there," he cried, "until twelve days after the Procession."

Friday, May 7, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. A mortal stricken in years was in control (7).
5. Made of iron bars, but there 's tin in it (7).
9. English town or fowl (7).
10. This wine 's quite nice, but still I don't care for it (7).
11. Make fun of (3).
12. Discharged on reduction of staff (4).
13. Much of a muchness (4).
14. Like a Manx cat (7).
16. Strange that this particular nymph should be more than half un-wetted! (5).
17. There 's no man can touch him (5).
18. Exult silently (5).
22. In museums and theatres (5).
25. When in use, it 's in suspense (7).
26. Enters a protest (4).
27. Town in the Pacific (4).
29. Dare I call this a poacher? (3).
31. "Dangled" (anag.; 7).
32. Acknowledge error (7).
33. Glut to declare she didn't fast (7).
34. Explains why the duchess preferred to say she spoke *sotto voce* (two words; 3 and 4).

DOWN.

1. Lad disturbed in mud some way from the coast (7).
2. Appropriately enough, quite an old-established union starts this blooming place (7).
3. Proverbially merry (4).
4. Reduce to lower level, though seemingly low enough (7).
5. Might not a dentist at the end of his resources be up it? (two words; 3 and 4).
6. To boot (4).
7. Something wrong with you (7).
8. Mexican fireman? (7).
14. Woman's name (5).
15. Strike a vessel with some flavour? Exactly! (5).
18. All the thing in gas where cars go (7).
19. Homeless and friendless (7).
20. "Semi-men" (anag.; 7).
21. Breed I can't define (7).
23. She goes high in the air (7).
24. In Washington (Careful!) (7).
28. Woman's name that occurs in every civilised nation? (4).
30. Pack to put in a certain direction (4).

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Your lips can be lovelier, more youthful looking if you use Tangee Lipstick. Its magic Colour Change Principle does an amazing thing no other lipstick can do for you. Orange in the stick, Tangee *changes on your lips* to warm blush-rose, matches your own skin tones ...Paris insists upon soft natural make-up with spring and summer styles, frowns upon paint. Tangee *isn't paint*, can never give a "painted look"... Use Tangee Rouge for clear, natural glow in cheeks.

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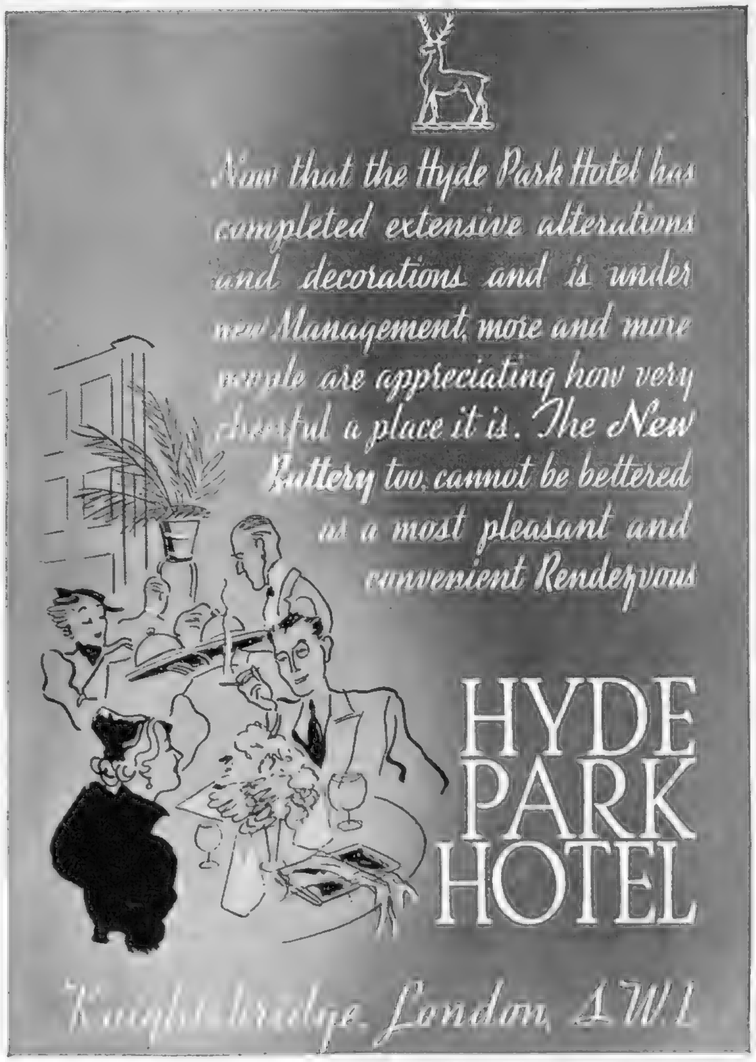

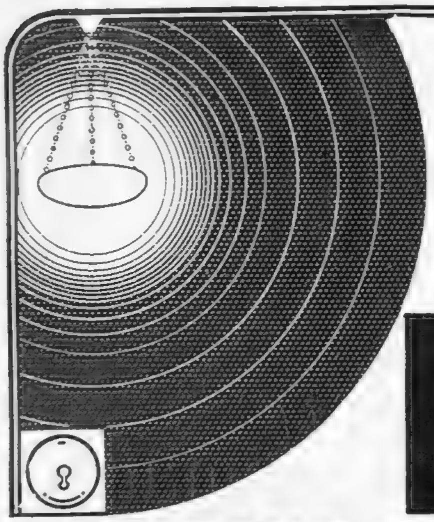

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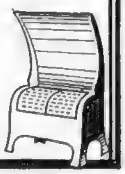

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Many of the world's famous lawns owe their historic perfection to the fact that they have been regularly trimmed with Green's lawn mowers for generations.

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The models described are specially built to keep *your* lawn velvety and delightfully trim.

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The ideal hand machine for medium-sized lawns. Adjustable front roller fixings and differential in both rear rolls. Fully guaranteed and highest quality throughout. Complete with Grass Box, Grease Gun and Spanner:

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14 „	£7.10.0

Green's make Mowers to suit all purposes.

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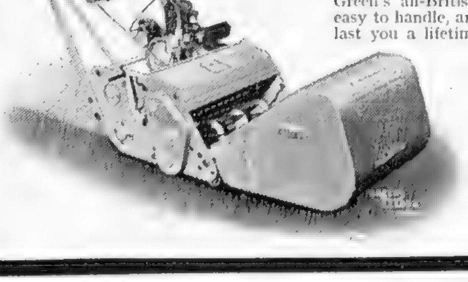
Whether your lawn is large or small, you will find a Green's all-British Motor Mower economical to run, easy to handle, and a trouble-free appliance that will last you a lifetime.



2 stroke models :—

14 inch	£26.10.0
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16 inch	£45. 0.0
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This England . . .

From the White Horse Hill—Uffington

IT is a good thing to stand upon a hill. For you have laboured with your body to get there ; which is achievement. Then, as the ground drops away at your feet so do the irks and troubles of your little world fall from you — the spirit no longer confined between the hedges of routine but overlooking, free, in the greater airs before you. And one other advantage there is in being upon a hill, almost anywhere in this England. You may choose, by the eye, with deliberation and lovely foretaste, the inn at which you will drink your Worthington—a golden reward for all achievement —of mind or body.

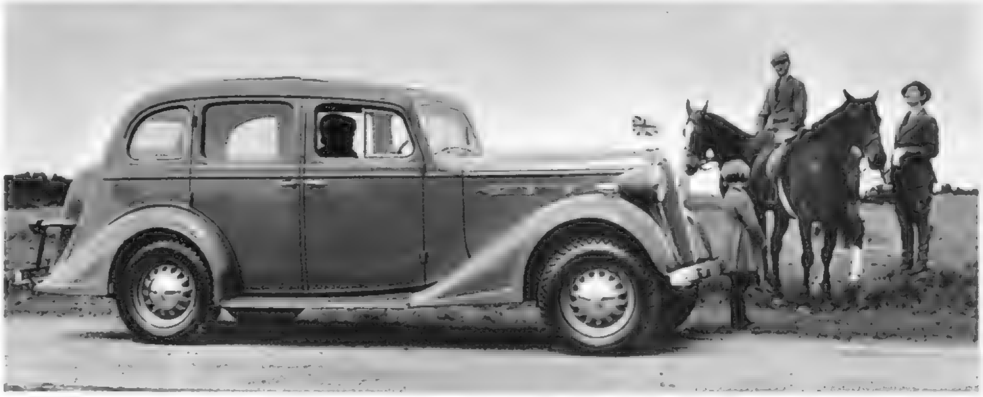
ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

FOR those who like a light car which can go really fast, what could be more attractive than the Riley "Kestrel Sprite"? It has the compact dimensions of the normal 1½-litre Riley and, in fact, is indistinguishable from this model. It therefore provides what so many people have always wanted: a vehicle that in no respect looks like a sports car, yet is definitely in the sports-car category as regards performance—a sort of "Q" car, if you like, which is something like 10 m.p.h. faster than the standard model and very much more rapid in acceleration. I tried a Riley "Kestrel Sprite" the other day in the course of a run up to Yorkshire, mostly following the Great North Road and the winding, hilly road that leads off to the left past Harewood House and through Otley and Ilkley to Bolton Abbey. Having been an enthusiastic owner of three Riley "Nines" during the years 1928, 1929, and 1936, and having tried various other four-and six-cylinder Riley models during the last ten years, I can say definitely that this is far and away the most attractive Riley which I have ever handled. It has all the power, acceleration and speed of a car of double its horse-power, or more, with the considerable advantages of lower taxation and insurance rates, a smaller petrol and tyre bill, and considerable handiness in traffic and parking.

These motorists are enjoying the sight of plum blossom. Their car is one of the new AUSTIN "ASCOT" DE LUXE SALOONS, *priced at £210.*



The VAUXHALL 25-H.P. *is rapidly making a name for itself among big-car owners. Independent springing makes all roads seem smooth, and it has such proved features as No-draught Ventilation, Controlled Synchro-Mesh, Body Conformity Seating and Double-Safety Hydraulic Brakes. Yet the five-seater saloon, complete, costs no more than £298.*

At first sight the "Kestrel Sprite" looks a small car, for it is built so low that its roof reaches only up to the average man's shoulder; yet, seated inside, one finds that there is an astonishing amount of room. The driving position is easy and natural, and the front passenger can stretch his or her legs out in comfort. I think, however, that the most distinctive feature of every Riley since the "Nine" made history in 1925, has been the admirable rear-seat accommodation. I do not think that I am doing an injustice to any other manufacturer if I say that Rileys were the first people to realise that the rear passengers needed much more protection than they get in the average touring car, and on the open models you find that you can sit so low that the sides of the body come up to your shoulders and you are well down out of the wind, without your view of the surroundings being spoiled. Furthermore, you are seated well forward of the rear axle and are close enough to talk to the occupants of the front seat without shouting, even when travelling fast; yet still you have plenty of leg-room and it is easy to get in and out.

Well, when the "Kestrel" saloon was designed, the same seating arrangement was retained; one still sits low, but three windows a side give almost as good a view as from a touring car, and when the sliding roof is opened you get just as much fresh air and without draughts. There is a broad shelf behind the back seat for odds and ends and a luggage-locker that holds a good deal when closed and can accommodate a cabin trunk with ease when open.

On the open road I found the car willing enough to run up to 80 m.p.h. by speedometer and to cruise perfectly happily hour after hour at 70 m.p.h. The top-gear hill-climbing was excellent, and the acceleration of a most satisfying order. So lively is the car that, getting straight into it after a seven-weeks' motoring tour in a 50-h.p. model, I was not conscious of any lack of "horses" and found the acceleration eminently satisfying. The Girling brakes are as light in operation as they are efficient, pulling up the car with an almost incredible smoothness. A great point, this, when so many of our roads have dangerously slippery surfaces in wet weather. At all ordinary speeds the engine was beautifully quiet, while at full throttle there is a kind of muffled "power roar" which delights the ear of the enthusiast. The "Preselectagear" self-changing gear, with steering-wheel control, gives instantaneous changing from any gear to any other, while the automatic clutch, which enables the car to glide away without the clutch-pedal being touched, as the accelerator is gradually depressed, removes any anxiety on the score of making a perfect getaway.

In all respects that I have defined, the specification is the same as that of the standard 12-h.p. four-cylinder Riley, but the engine is very similar to that used with success in the R.A.C. T.T. race at Belfast. The P.R. cylinder-head is of racing type, the inlet ports being of large diameter to permit of the maximum intake. Special light alloy pistons are, moreover, fitted, and these have three compression rings and one scraper ring. The sparking-plug holes are masked so as to prevent any tendency to oil up. The crankshaft, which is machined all over, is drilled throughout for high-pressure oil feed to main and big-end bearings. The three main bearings are very large and afford ample support for the rigid crankshaft. The inlet camshaft has special high-lift cams so as to get as much gas as possible into the engine in the shortest possible time. Finally, I should like to emphasise the fact that although the Riley "Kestrel Sprite" has all the speed and acceleration of the thoroughbred sports car, it is at the same time beautifully sprung and every bit as comfortable as the more sedate normal model. Its price is £398, the annual tax is £9, the car does about 28 miles to the gallon of petrol, 1000 miles to the gallon of oil, and 15,000 miles, with reasonable driving, on one set of Dunlop tyres.

The 14-60-H.P. TRIUMPH "DOLOMITE" DE LUXE *costs £348.*

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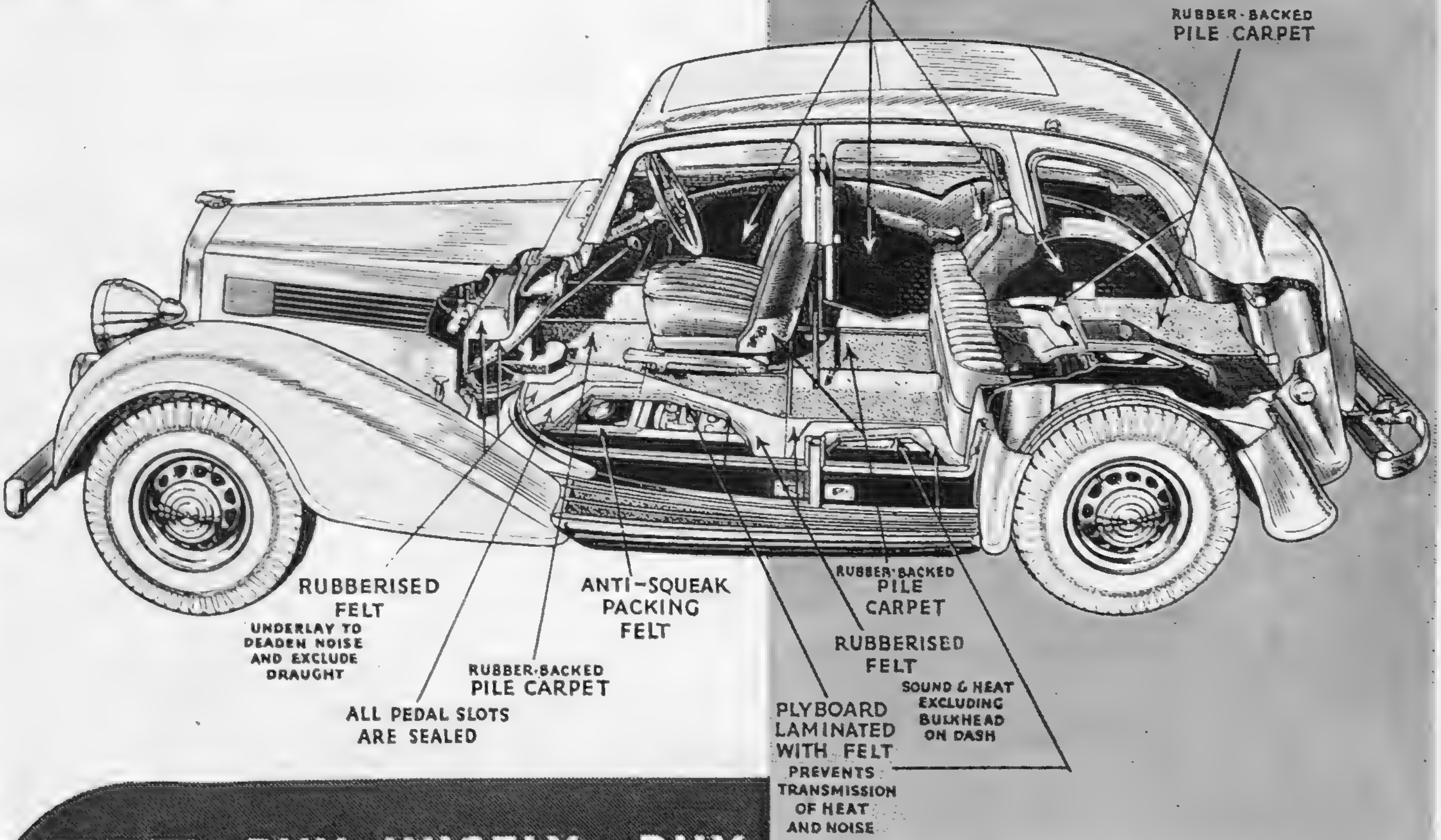
Amidst the noisy orchestration of modern roads, driving in a Wolseley is a quiet and restful passage. So well is the sound of engine, tyres and air-flow subdued by clever insulation, that general conversation in a normal tone is as natural in your Wolseley as at your dinner table. And to quietness is added smoothness. Extra low pressure tyres, very long springs and anatomically correct seats combine further to remove the last trace of strain from motoring. People can't believe how quiet and comfortable the inside of a motor car can be until they have driven in a Wolseley. And then they can't keep quiet about it.



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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCXCVIII.

THE GUARDED THREE!

Do you ever set a value on a guarded three? Of course not; neither do I, nor anybody else, either: yet a little three guarded by its smaller brother can just make game and rubber for you. A friend who has been reading our notes on coups has been good enough to send me a hand which, he tells me, was played some little time ago in duplicate. The hand given, as he points out, is an example of the "perfect coup"; it cannot fail, and so proves me wrong when I said that only the grand coup must succeed against any distribution and any opposition play. That being so, I suppose there are other unbreakable artificial plays or coups.

This is the hand—

Spades—3, 2.
Hearts—4, 3, 2.
Clubs—10, 9, 8.
Diamonds—A, K, Q, Kn, 9.
B

Y		Z
Spades—8, 7.		Spades—Q, Kn, 10, 9.
Hearts—Kn, 10, 7.	Y Z	Hearts—Q, 8, 5.
Clubs—Q, 7, 6, 5.		Clubs—A, 4.
Diamonds—10, 8, 7, 6.		Diamonds—5, 4, 3, 2.

A
Spades—A, K, 6, 5, 4.
Hearts—A, K, 9, 6.
Clubs—K, Kn, 3, 2.
Diamonds—None.

The hand was played in various contracts: four spades, four hearts, five diamonds, three, four, and five no-trumps. In no case was the contract made, nor can it be made unless a club is opened (or, of course, a diamond) at trick No. 1, against no-trump play. Now, although the contract was not made, it can and *ought to be* made, not only at double dummy, but at ordinary play. Consider the case of five no-trumps, called over five diamonds; despite the fact that five diamonds lose and five no-trumps win, I consider the latter bid a "shocking one." However, that is not the point.

Y led the five of clubs, Z played the ace, and A dropped the guard to his three—in other words, he played the two, and that settled his business. Z led back the four of clubs, A played the three, and Y won with his queen. In the end A made three spades, three hearts, and two clubs, being three down. Now look: if A makes a coup at trick No. 1, he has the contract in his pocket. He must drop the knave on the ace of clubs, when, whatever Z goes on with, the ten of clubs in dummy must become a card of entry; if Z leads a spade or a heart, A wins and leads a small club and makes two spades, two hearts, five diamonds, and two clubs. AB were vulnerable and lost 300; had the coup been made they would have scored 660, a turnover of 960 points—all through not keeping a three guarded!

Now let us refer back to my last week's subject—slams. The following, I take it, must be the most unlucky slam ever bid. These are the hands—

Spades—Q, 2.
Hearts—3, 2.
Clubs—A, Q, Kn, 5.
Diamonds—Q, 10, 9, 8, 7.
B

Y		Z
Spades—6, 5, 4, 3.		Spades—Kn, 10, 8, 7.
Hearts—9, 8, 7.	Y Z	Hearts—6, 5, 4.
Clubs—9, 8, 7, 6.		Clubs—10, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—Kn, 2.		Diamonds—6, 5.

A
Spades—A, K, 9.
Hearts—A, K, Q, Kn, 10.
Clubs—K.
Diamonds—A, K, 4, 3.

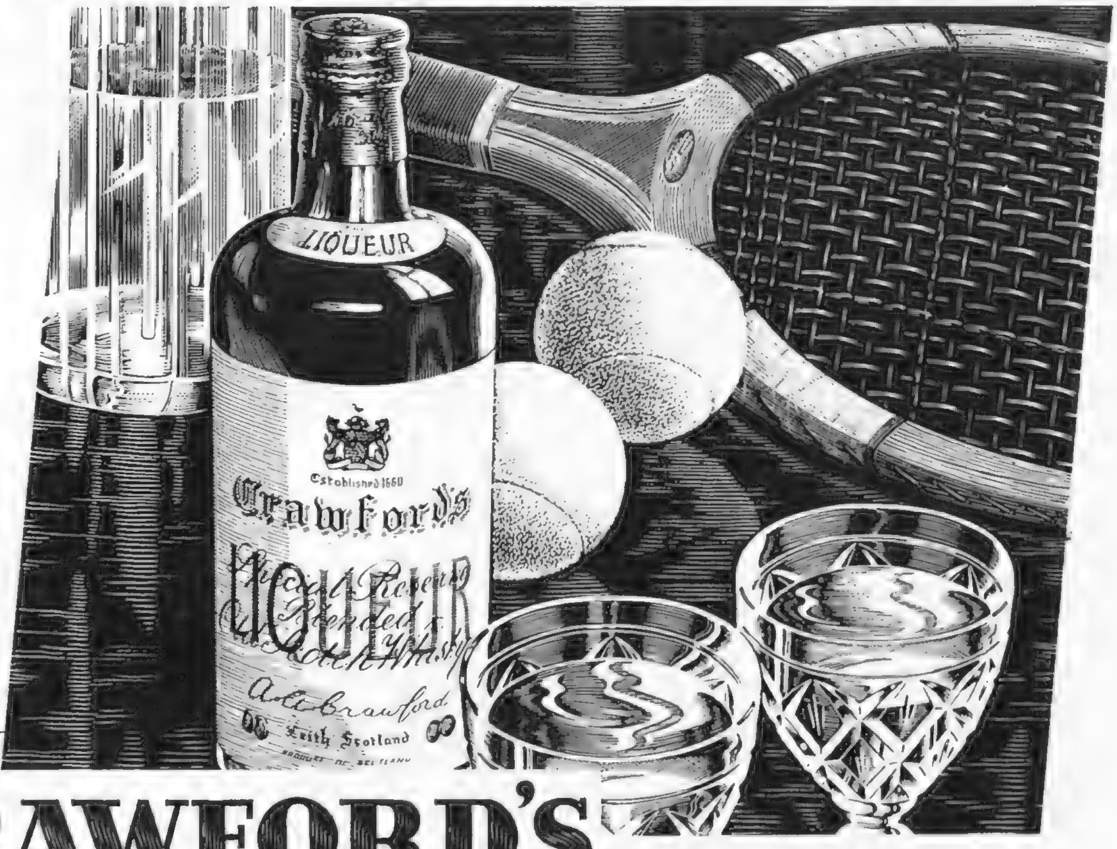
A, dealer, bid one club (conventional); B, one no-trump; A, two hearts; B, three clubs; A, three spades; B, four diamonds; A, seven spades! Y led the knave of diamonds, and A was on the point of skinning his hand for the slam when it dawned upon him that, by a slip of the tongue, he had bid the wrong suit! (Incidentally, it may be remarked that a slam in hearts on the holding is sounder than the slam in no-trumps; the off-chance of a ruff is worth risking for the sake of the 150 honour score.) A was two down, losing two tricks in trumps. It is interesting to note that grand slam can be made in any suit except the one bid, and in no-trumps; it is also interesting to note that, although I don't think any player would make it in ordinary play, the grand slam can be made at double dummy. It makes a neat and not too difficult problem. It may amuse you to work it out.

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE, MAY 5.

Across.—1. Lay the cloth. 9. Soda. 10. Jaunting-car. 11. Edit. 15. Brain. 16. Surface. 17. Unic. 18. Age. 20. Event. 21. Arrow. 22. Set. 25. Flat. 26. Slender. 27. Block. 29. Imam. 33. Appropriate. 34. Hull. 35. Legerdemain.

Down.—2. Adam. 3. Tiny. 4. Erin. 5. Lager. 6. Tracing. 7. London Pride. 8. Lattice-work. 12. Isle of Wight. 13. Irreparable. 14. Darts. 15. Bed. 19. Eager. 23. Ellipse. 24. Ask. 28. Curve. 30. Sped. 31. Firm. 32. Etui.

THINGS *which make life* worth while!



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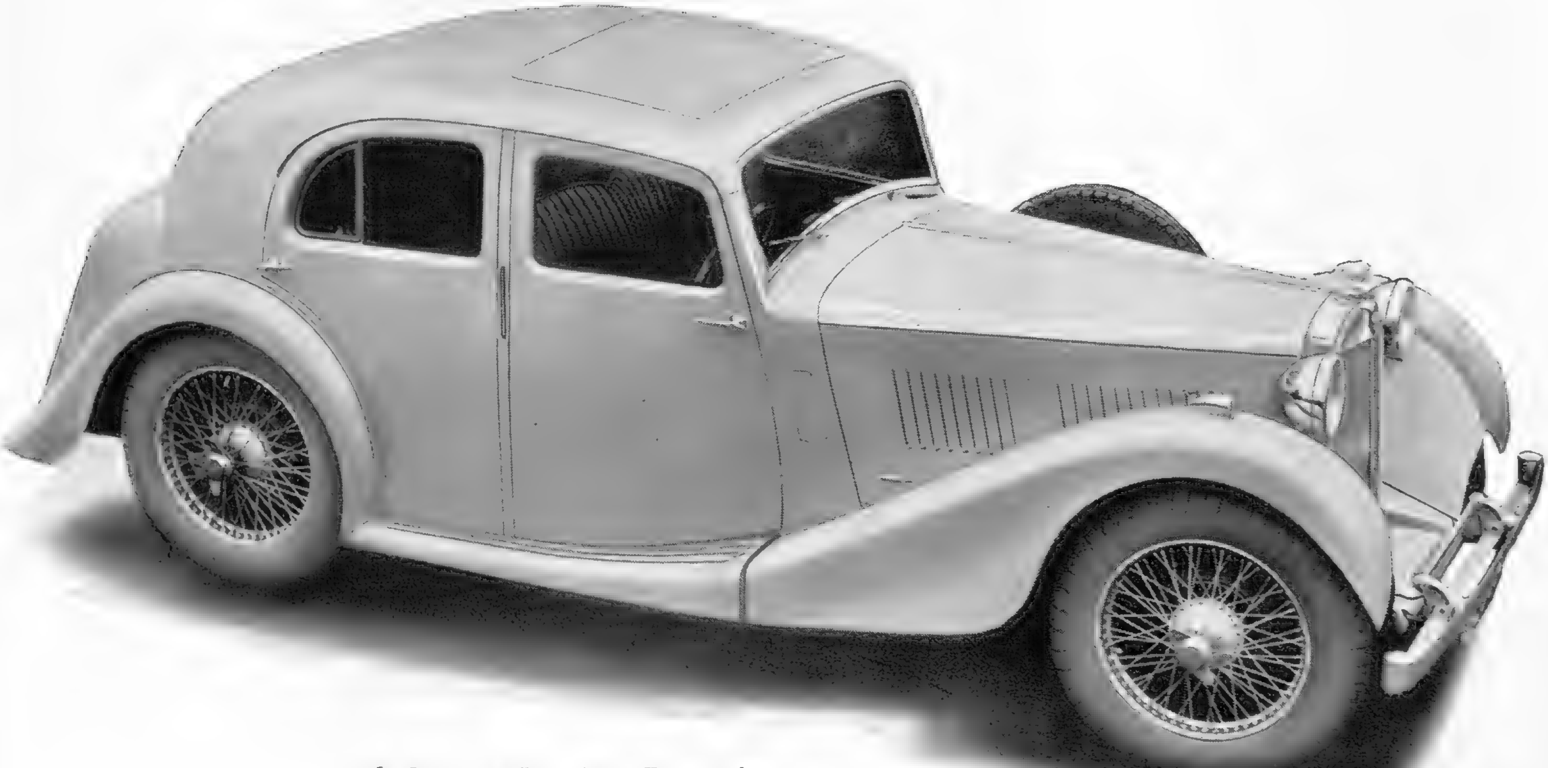

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N3

THE HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 272.)

" Not yet. But I 'm going to get one. Everything is turning out all right."

But the long day was just like the others, jobless and hopeless. Virginia returned at dusk almost too tired and dejected to climb the stairs. A cloud as palpable as smoke seemed to enter with her into the bleak apartment. It lay on Virginia's soul with the weight of lead. Twenty times she went into the kitchenette and looked at the cooker, and twenty times she counted the one dollar thirty now left in her purse. A hundred times she read the promise : " New influences are forming which will usher in a long period of happiness and success."

When the last melancholy gleams of daylight died, Virginia felt the cloud close about her like a stifling fog and she knew she could not endure to live another day. She took her pillow and laid it on the floor beside the cooker. She put her last dollar and thirty cents in an envelope and addressed it to the landlord, with a note telling him to keep her things. She thought she would destroy the horoscope, in case they laughed at her for believing such things.

But of course she didn't, or she would wait—she would wait for the good fortune that was going to begin to-morrow. And why not, she thought suddenly. Other people have gone through worse and lived to tell the tale. The past was right, the future must be true. She lifted the pillow off the floor with a feeling of childish shame, made some toast with the remains of the loaf, and ate her supper in bed.

Tuesday morning a letter came from her former employer to say his secretary had got married suddenly, and if Miss Barker was at liberty he 'd be glad to have her back, preferring her to a stranger who did not know their ways. He 'd like to hear at once whether he could expect her to return and take up the work.

While Virginia sped down town on the subway in haste to report her overjoyed willingness in person, Professor Endicot cowered under a lecture from Miss Hill, now restored to combative health. " While I 'm away you shouldn't rummage in my desk. You 've made a terrible mistake. You 've given Miss Baker's reading to Miss Barker."

" Sorry, my dear," he murmured humbly, " but she was a nice little thing and insisted you promised it."

" I did. But as soon as I set up her chart I was up against a problem. You weren't there, so I left it and went home to be ill in peace. She hadn't a chance to live through the week-end. The chart showed suicide, of all things. What was I to do ? I couldn't tell her that, could I ? "

" Quite right. You couldn't."

" Well, now what about it ? Am I to let her know she 's got the wrong one—or let it stand ? If, of course, she 's still alive."

The Professor picked up Virginia's chart. The two pasts were similar, but the two futures widely different. The stranger's life was full of propitious circumstances; Virginia's could be a triumph if she chose to take life on and lick it, but the results were entirely up to herself.

" Let it be," he said. " The stars impel, but they do not compel."

" I 'd like to have known if she did it," said Miss Hill earnestly. " She was a sweet-looking girl."

The Professor smiled. He hadn't dealt with worried people all these years without learning something about human nature. " Hope is only a plank across the pit," he said, " but millions go over it safely every minute to find their feet on solid ground—so it 's as good a bridge as any other. Let her keep her little plank. There 's a heavy mail this morning." He adjusted his wobbly glasses on his long nose : " Now, let me see."

THE END.

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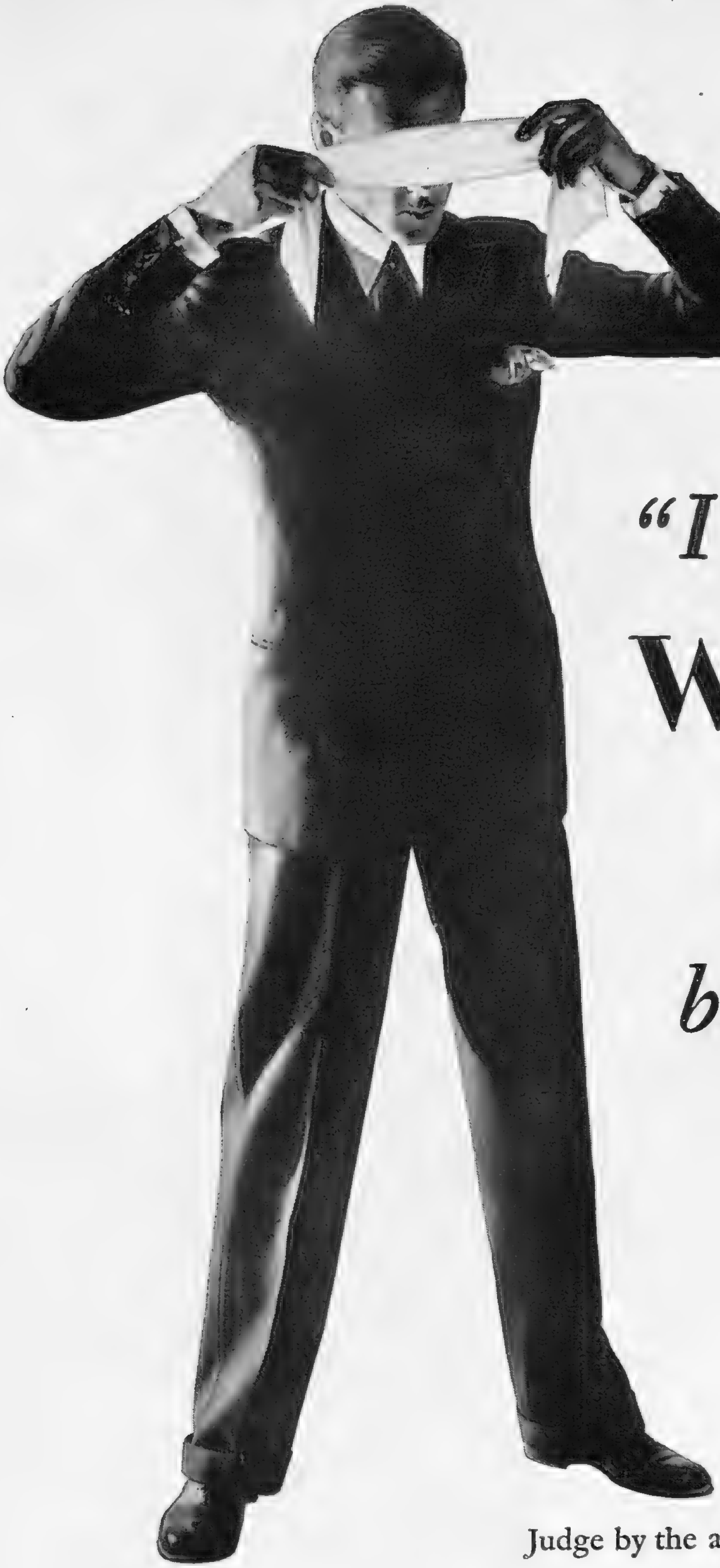

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MARIEGOLD AMONG ROYAL AND NOTABLE PICTURES.

THIS week we are prepared to mingle with the greatest crowds that London has ever seen. It was therefore not unamusing last week to examine Constable's picture of a crowded London occasion in his day! This is Lord Fairhaven's Constable of the opening of Waterloo Bridge by George IV., which he has lent to the Constable Centenary Exhibition at the Tate Gallery. It shows people crowding on to the balconies of Whitehall Gardens, dressed in the gayest clothes. Cannon are being fired and all this gaiety is going on in perfect King's weather—the kind we are all praying for to-day, May 12.

Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., opened the show last week. This was suitable, for, like Constable, he lives at Dedham; is a miller's son and an R.A. as well as being a great admirer of the famous Norfolk painter. There was a tremendous gathering at the Private View—more artists assembled than have ever before supported such an occasion at the Tate. There was a pride of R.A.'s present. Lords Sandwich, Balniel, Fairhaven, and Crawford were also there, the last-named with his daughter, Lady Barbara Lindsay, in navy blue. Sir Lionel Earle, Lord Hastings, and Mr. Ormsby-Gore were others admiring the magnificent exhibition, which occupies four rooms and is the complement to the Constable show at the Wildenstein.

. . . . . .

Coronation visitors from overseas anxious to get a line on all angles of English life should make a point of going to Bristol to see the Loan Exhibition of Art Treasures of the West of England which opens there on May 25 and lasts for five weeks. Some of the pictures from private collections have never before been publicly shown and the domestic furniture (mainly of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) from houses such as Dyrham Park and Corsham Court (the home of Lord Methuen), is of special interest, as it was made for the houses from which it is lent.

Lord Methuen, who is the chairman of the picture selection committee for the Bristol show, is an artist and a connoisseur. Among the royal portraits on view will be his Geerhaerts of Queen Elizabeth as an old and weary woman, which, tradition says, was painted by her order after she had signed the death warrant of Essex; and from Sherborne Castle, Colonel Wingfield Digby is lending his well-known "Queen Elizabeth at Blackfriars surrounded by her Courtiers."

. . . . . .

The picture of three children (probably the Gaddi children), by Sophonisba Anguissola, which Lord Methuen is sending to Bristol, is a charming example of the work of the famous sixteenth-century woman painter. She was one of six sister artists, three of whom accompanied her when, in 1560, at the invitation of that royal patron of the arts, Philip II., she went to Madrid. She lived to be ninety-four, when she sat to Van Dyck. The portrait he made of her, and a long account of the occasion, are in the famous Van Dyck sketch-book at Chatsworth. Lord Methuen is also lending a fine Reynolds painting of his ancestress Christian, Mrs. Methuen, who was one of the best-dressed women of her day. She kept cuttings of the material of her dresses (her most successful, no doubt) and these clippings are still preserved at Corsham.

An echo of Strawberry Hill comes into the contributions from Chewton Mendip, the home of Lord Waldegrave, who is showing a delightful portrait of Horace Walpole by Jonathan Richardson. Dance's Clive is important, and there's a history lesson in the picture of Lieut. Helyar in uniform, which is shown with his map of Charleston Harbour during the American War of Independence, which was sent back with his effects after his death. Lighter subjects have their place, too, and we can be amused by a conversation piece of an eighteenth-century cocktail-party—or, rather, a wine party—with music and dancing. There's a story behind the Gainsborough "Sketch of a Boy with Paints," from Captain Newton's collection at Corfe Cottage. Gainsborough left his painting things, found the urchin meddling with them, and made him the subject of this picture. These are just a few of the good things which will make us Bristol-conscious in Coronation year.

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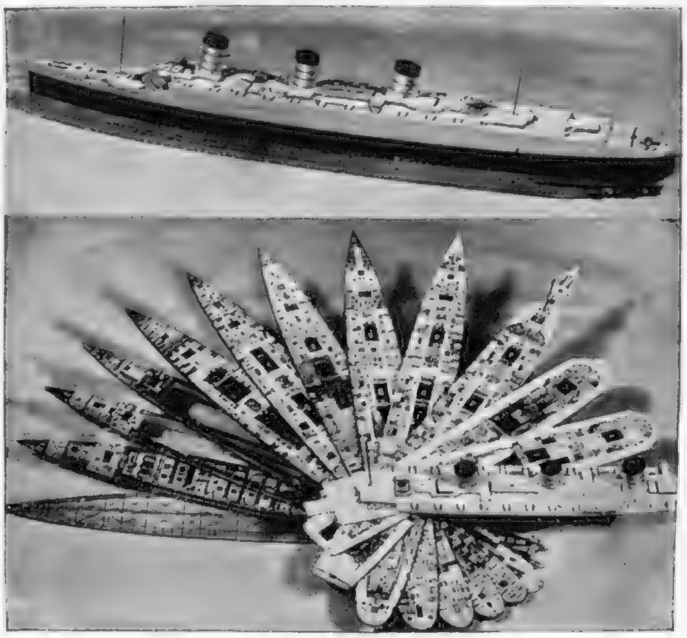

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 300.)

and the Etruscan tombs at Tarquinia relish their own impropriety? Again, referring to Freud's belief in an adult wish "to escape from rationality and babble humourless nonsense," he observes: "There is no such adult wish, outside of hospitals and Gertrude Stein." One must infer that he has never listened to adults addressing their dogs. But on the whole this seemingly formidable treatise perfectly achieves its object: it adds to our enjoyment and understanding of laughter—laughter, that is, which has its sources in America and England. Many countries contribute to his theories, but his illustrations are mainly Anglo-Saxon. One laugh, however, comes out of Russia—Lenin's. Lenin loved to laugh (Gorki said) "till the tears came, till he choked with laughter." One would like to know at what.

"We Aren't So Dumb." Statistics, if suspect, are very often striking. In the fifty most important States of the world, "Two million four hundred thousand people died of starvation in 1934, and about one million two hundred thousand committed suicide as a result of starvation." Appalling figures! A

This snapshot of Lady Colquhoun, wife of Sir Iain Colquhoun, Bt., of Russdhu, Luss, Co. Dumbarton, with her three daughters, was taken at the Dumbartonshire Cattle Show. Her elder daughter, Fiona, a prize-winner, is up on her horse Coollin. Her engagement to the Hon. Arthur Gore, younger son of the Earl of Arran, was announced in April. Robina is on the left of the picture, and Mary is holding the other horse.

little later we read: "I fancy that a very high proportion of the 2,400,000 were in China." Insensibly we feel a little relieved. Why? Because the Chinese are not English? Because they live so far away? Because there are so many of them, and they count life cheap? Whatever the reason, it proceeds from lack of imagination, from imperfect sympathy; and it is just this attitude that Mr. Christopher Hollis's survey of contemporary international politics, "We Aren't So Dumb," sets out to correct. He is an internationalist only in so far as he appreciates intensely the value of the contribution that every nationality makes to the sum total of civilisation. In this book (a companion volume to the author's highly successful "Foreigners Aren't Fools"), each of the leading countries finds its spokesman; if not one of its own nationals, then a well-informed and persuasive English advocate. The imaginary conversations cover an enormous field, touching on most of the problems and grievances that have brought the world to its present pass. It is an extraordinarily able and judicious exposition, in the course of which Italy and Germany receive kindlier treatment than they do from many of our publicists.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The House by the Sea. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Six Days' Grace. By W. R. Burnett. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Enjoyment of Laughter. By Max Eastman. (*Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.*)
We Aren't So Dumb. By Christopher Hollis. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)

The portrait of Lady Sackville in her Peeress's robes published in our issue of May 5 was a good example of the work of George P. King, of Sevenoaks.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-War Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"SWING ALONG" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (St. James's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"WISE TO-MORROW" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"MILE AWAY MURDER" (Duchess). 8.30.—Murder—but how? D. A. Clarke-Smith runs away with it.

"HENRY V." (Old Vic). 8.—Imaginatively produced, with Laurence Olivier and Jessica Tandy.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BIG BUSINESS" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"CARELESS RAPTURE" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"THE FROG" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Saville). 8.15.—Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"THE GOOD EARTH" (Palace Theatre).—Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in an impressive adaptation of a famous novel.

"FAREWELL, AGAIN" (Plaza).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks in a vivid story of a curtailed military leave.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR" and "OUR ROYAL HERITAGE." Films of topical interest generally released for the Coronation period.

"JUMP FOR GLORY" (London Pavilion).—Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in the romance of a gallant cat-burglar.

"BURGTHEATER" (Academy). — A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"PÉPÉ LE MOKO" (Curzon).—An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

"O-KAY FOR SOUND" (New Gallery).—The Crazy Gang in a film studio.

"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT' (Leicester Square Theatre).—Triangle drama with Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer.

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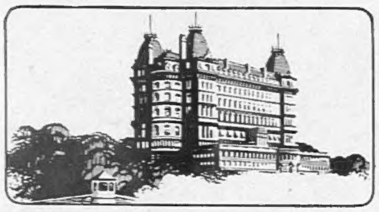

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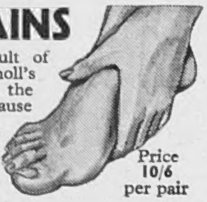

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